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TALES FROM
GREEK MYTHOLOGY
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SATURDAY REVIEW.

TALES

FROM

GREEK MYTHOLOGY.

BY

THE REV. GEORGE W. COX, M.A.

AUTHOR OF "THE TALE OF THE GREAT PERSIAN WAR,"
"TALES OF THE GODS AND HEROES,"
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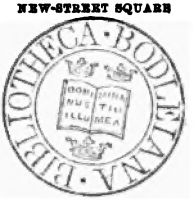

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TO

THE SECOND EDITION.

THE publication of a Second Edition of this little work enables me to express my gratitude for the kindness with which these Tales have been received. I have endeavoured to correct the errors which friendly critics have pointed out, and some expressions which were considered almost too childish have been expunged. If others, to which the same objection seems to apply, have been allowed to stand, I may allege in excuse the fear that greater alterations might render the stories less fitted for very young children.

A few names are in the present edition given in a form more strictly Greek. If, as seems now to be admitted, Latin forms of Greek names are to be avoided as far as

possible, there seems to be no reason for retaining the Latin version of any names except those which have become familiar sounds to the English ear. The number of these names is steadily diminishing: but for the present it seems advisable to adhere to the practical rule which I have ventured to lay down in a note on the Orthography of Greek Names prefixed to the Tale of the Great Persian War.

December 13, 1862.

PREFACE

TO

THE FIRST EDITION.

THE following tales were written for the use of very young children. The versions which recent writers have given of Greek legends are expressed in language which it would not be easy, and sometimes not possible, for a child to comprehend. The present stories were intended as much to be heard by children too young to be able to read them, as to be read by those of somewhat more advanced age, while they may, perhaps, be not without interest even for others whose childhood has passed away.

As a very large proportion of English boys still go through what is called a classical education, no apology would appear to be needed for presenting to them at

an early age, that with which they must afterwards, in any case, make acquaintance. Nor is it of little moment that the first impressions should be agreeable, and at the same time not inconsistent with the conclusions which have been reached by the science of comparative mythology. The latter condition it would scarcely have been possible, until recently, to fulfil; and the partial and unsystematic acquaintance which at best a boy can make with the great body of Greek legend, is as likely to repel the mind as to attract it, while not improbably he may have made good progress in the study of the classical languages before he has even an opportunity of appreciating the beauty of their mythology.

Yet there is, more particularly in Greek legend, an intrinsic beauty, of which the charm cannot be weakened, far less lost — a charm which is even heightened on the most sifting analysis, and the most critical research into its origin. But the tales of the Odyssey, and still more of the beautiful Homeric hymns, are seldom read until a boy's education is nearer to its close than its commencement; and yet it is from such tales as these that the impression of marvellous grace, tenderness, and beauty, may most easily and surely be left upon the mind.

This impression should, however, be unconscious and uncritical. The legends should be placed before the child without any attempt (which can hardly fail of being injurious) to determine their truth or falsehood. Such labour would be wholly wasted; nor would he need any teaching to enable him to feel their beauty, for he has in himself a surer criterion than any which his elders might impart or even possess. Mythology is the product of an age in which the historical faculty is altogether dormant, and in which the mystery of human life is solved by the personification of natural objects and phenomena, and the multiplication of supernatural agencies commingling with the ordinary course of things. This age, which is destitute of any notion of chronology, and has no tendency to apprehend any other sequence of events than that which harmonises with the mythical sense, has yet a keen discernment of the slightest deviation from the mythical character. If the legends are not history, they have still certain laws which no additions or embellishments can be permitted to violate. If there was nothing to prevent the ascribing fresh acts to Aphroditê or Athênê, still the mythical sense would have been revolted by the ascribing to them any acts which should confuse their special characteristics. Otherwise, it was as natural

and as necessary that they should accept the legendary tales of gods and heroes, as it was impossible to divest themselves of belief in the personal life of all natural objects. What are to us physical laws, were to them living and conscious beings; what are to us graceful fictions, were to them grave and serious realities.

In all this there is the closest analogy to the mind of a child. The tendency to personify outward forms, to invent extra-natural agencies, must always exist in childhood, although the character of education may more or less check, or even repress it. There must also be the same instinctive discernment of that which harmonises with the mythical character, or is inconsistent with it. It would seem better, then, that the first acquaintance with such tales should not be accompanied by any attempt to explain their origin or growth, although we may be careful to set down nothing which may contradict what they may have to learn afterwards.

The task is one which has been in a great measure stripped of its difficulty by the results already obtained in the science of comparative mythology. In the various methods of interpreting Greek or other mythological tales, there was of necessity a rude and violent separation between the legends themselves and the

explanations fastened on them. Before the child could learn that Heraclês, Theseus, or Minôs, were actual benefactors or rulers, with no supernatural attributes and no superhuman exploits, he must put aside altogether the mind in which he could enter into the legends as such, and pass into a form of thought altogether new. The task was absurd from its very hopelessness; but the strong line of severance was as much kept up by attributing to the myths a directly scientific or didactic aim. These two methods, the former of which sees in such tales the figurative expression of material laws, while the latter places the epic poets in the class of moral philosophers, have severally their attractions for two different orders of mind; and both perhaps necessitate no less a distortion of the legends than the method which ascribed to them an historical basis. Both, however, although furnishing a wide field for the exercise of ingenuity and subtlety, equally fail, by giving explanations which are inconsistent with the essential statements or characteristics of these legends.

But comparative mythology has already supplied, for perhaps the largest group of myths, a history of their growth resting on the indisputable evidence of language. And as from early mythical speech we can

trace the formation of these legends, so from the legends themselves the child may advance gradually to a knowledge of their origin, which will in no way contradict his earlier notions, and which will still leave them invested with a reality, although not of the same extent as that which he may have imputed to them before. By no process but by that of rude rejection can he come to believe that the theogonies or heroic myths represent abstruse astronomical or physical truths. But the steps are gradual and connected which lead him to see that these myths in varied shapes form the common stock of many branches of one great human family, separated (perhaps wholly) by time and place; that they are the relics of a language spoken by the race while yet undivided; that in other lands and under other influences the forms of this language in part retained and in part lost their original force; that expressions called forth at first by sights or sounds on earth or in the heavens became limited and localised; that the mythical speech which hailed the Sun as coming to life after his nightly death, bringing gifts and happiness to men, was shaped into the legendary toils of Heraclês; that the sorrow of the Sun for his bride the Morning, who died as he strove to clasp her, is the tale of Orpheus and Eurydikê; that Evening, which

sought to embrace the departing Day, is Selênê greeting Endymiôn before he sleeps in the land of Latmos.

While, then, the general characteristics of each legend are not violated, variations of detail would appear to require no justification. Indeed, it would not be easy to multiply variations beyond these already furnished in the manifold versions of the same myths, as they occur in the legendary poems of Greece or Rome. In most of the following tales, however, especially those which are taken from the Odyssey and the (so called) Homeric hymns, there is a close adherence even to points of minute detail. In the legends of Odysseus any expressions have been carefully avoided which might imply a more directly didactic aim than is warranted by the poem itself. That it has no such aim has been proved, it would seem, beyond dispute; but every tale which describes the good or evil fortunes of man must give room for didactic conclusions, which may legitimately be used as we think fit, so long as we do not impute to the poet the conscious intention of enforcing them.

The only tale in the present volume not coming from a strictly Greek source, is that of the Treasures of Rhampsinitus. It has been inserted as a piece of

sustained wit, possessing the best merits of the "Arabian Nights" fiction, with none of its defects.

In the spelling of the names the Greek form has been adhered to, so far as it seemed advisable to do so. The distinction between the Greek and Latin forms is now so well established as involving a difference, not merely of words, but of things, that no apology is needed for retaining such names as Dêmêtêr and Athênê in place of Ceres and Minerva. Indeed, the adoption of Latin names for Greek conceptions is no slight disfigurement of Mr. Gladstone's great work on "Homer and the Homeric Age." But it has not yet been so clearly determined whether the Greek κ should be represented by the English *k* or *c*, and therefore, while the question is undecided, the usual spelling has been retained in such words as Cadmus, Nausicaâ, and Colchis.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Sorrow of Dêmêtêr	1
The Sleep of Endymiôn	8
Niobê and Lêto	12
Orpheus and Eurydikê	17
Pheyxus and Hellê	25
Cadmus and Europa	36
Odysseus and Polyphemus	47
Odysseus and Circê	60
Odysseus and the Seirens	69
Odysseus and Nausicaâ	75
The Story of Arîon	83
The Treasures of Rhampsinitus	91

TALES FROM GREEK MYTHOLOGY.

THE SORROW OF DÊMÊTÊR.[1]

In the fields of Enna, in the happy island of Sicily, the beautiful Persephonê was playing with the girls who lived there with her. She was the daughter of the Lady Dêmêtêr, and every one loved them both; for Dêmêtêr was good and kind to all, and no one could be more gentle and merry than Persephonê. She and her companions were gathering flowers from the field, to make crowns for their long flowing hair. They had picked many roses and lilies and hyacinths which grew in clusters around them, when Persephonê thought she saw a splendid flower far off; and away she ran, as fast as she could, to get it. It was a beautiful narcissus[2], with

a hundred heads springing from one stem; and the perfume which came from its flowers gladdened the broad heaven above, and the earth and sea around it. Eagerly Persephonê stretched out her hand to take this splendid prize, when the earth opened, and a chariot stood before her drawn by four coal-black horses; and in the chariot there was a man with a dark and solemn face, which looked as though he could never smile, and as though he had never been happy. In a moment he got out of his chariot, seized Persephonê round the waist, and put her on the seat by his side. Then he touched the horses with his whip, and they drew the chariot down into the great gulf, and the earth closed over them again.

Presently the girls who had been playing with Persephonê came up to the place where the beautiful narcissus was growing; but they could not see her anywhere. And they said, "Here is the very flower which she ran to pick, and there is no place here where she can be hiding." Still for a long time they searched for her through the fields of Enna; and when the evening was come, they went home to tell the Lady Dêmêtêr that they could not tell what had become of Persephonê.

Very terrible was the sorrow of Dêmêtêr when she

was told that her child was lost. She put a dark robe on her shoulders, and took a flaming torch in her hand, and went over land and sea to look for Persephonê. But no one could tell her where she was gone. When ten days were past she met Hekatê, and asked her about her child; but Hekatê said, "I heard her voice, as she cried out when some one seized her; but I did not see it with my eyes, and so I know not where she is gone." Then she went to Hêlios, and said to him, "O Hêlios, tell me about my child. Thou seest everything on the earth, sitting in the bright sun." Then Hêlios said, "O Dêmêtêr, I pity thee for thy great sorrow, and I will tell thee the truth. It is Hades who has taken away Persephonê to be his wife in the dark and gloomy land which lies beneath in the earth."

Then the rage of Dêmêtêr was more terrible than her sorrow had been; and she would not stay in the palace of Zeus, on the great Thessalian hill, because it was Zeus who had allowed Hades to take away Persephonê. So she went down from Olympus, and wandered on a long way until she came to Eleusis, just as the sun was going down into his golden cup[3] behind the dark blue hills. There Dêmêtêr sat down close to a fountain, where the water bubbled out from the green turf, and fell into a clear basin, over which some dark olive trees spread

their branches. Just then the daughters of Keleos, the king of Eleusis, came to the fountain with pitchers on their heads to draw water; and when they saw Dêmêtêr, they knew from her face that she must have some great grief; and they spoke kindly to her, and asked if they could do anything to help her. Then she told them how she had lost and was searching for her child; and they said, "Come home and live with us: and our father and mother will give you everything that you can want, and do all that they can to soothe your sorrow." So Dêmêtêr went down to the house of Keleos, and she stayed there for a whole year. And all this time, although the daughters of Keleos were very gentle and kind to her, she went on mourning and weeping for Persephonê. She never laughed or smiled, and scarcely ever did she speak to any one, because of her great grief. And even the earth, and the things which grow on the earth, mourned for the sorrow which had come upon Dêmêtêr. There was no fruit upon the trees, no corn came up in the fields, and no flowers blossomed in the gardens. And Zeus looked down from his high Thessalian hill, and saw that everything must die unless he could soothe the grief and anger of Dêmêtêr. So he sent Hermes down to Hades, the dark and stern king, to bid him send Persephonê to see her

mother Dêmêtêr. But before Hades let her go, he gave her a pomegranate to eat, because he did not wish her to stay away from him always, and he knew that she must come back if she tasted but one of the pomegranate seeds. Then the great chariot was brought before the door of the palace, and Hermes touched with his whip the coal-black horses, and away they went as swiftly as the wind, on and on, until they came close to Eleusis. Then Hermes left Persephonê, and the coal-black horses drew the chariot away again to the dark home of King Hades.

The sun was sinking down in the sky when Hermes left Persephonê, and as she came near to the fountain she saw some one sitting near it in a long black robe, and she knew that it must be her mother who still wept and mourned for her child. And as Dêmêtêr heard the rustling of her dress, she lifted up her face, and Persephonê stood before her.

Then the joy of Dêmêtêr was greater, as she clasped her daughter to her breast, than her grief and her sorrow had been. Again and again she held Persephonê in her arms, and asked her about all that had happened to her. And she said, "Now that you are come back to me, I shall never let you go away again; Hades shall not have my child to live with him in his dreary kingdom."

But Persephonê said, "O mother, it may not be so; I cannot stay with you always; for before Hermes brought me away to see you, Hades gave me a pomegranate, and I have eaten some of the seeds; and after tasting the seed I must go back to him again when six months have passed by. And indeed I am not afraid to go back; for although Hades never smiles or laughs, and everything in his palace is dark and gloomy, still he is very kind to me; and I think that he feels almost happy since I have been his wife. But do not be sorry, my mother, for he has promised to let me come up and stay with you for six months in every year, and the other six months I must spend with him in the land which lies beneath the earth."

So Dêmêtêr was comforted for her daughter Persephonê, and the earth and all the things that grew in it felt that her anger and sorrow had passed away. Once more the trees bore their fruits, the flowers spread out their sweet blossoms in the garden, and the golden corn waved like the sea under the soft summer breeze. So the six months passed happily away, and then Hermes came with the coal-black horses to take Persephonê to the dark land. And she said to her mother, "Do not weep much; the gloomy king whose wife I am is so kind to me that I cannot be really unhappy; and in six

months more he will let me come to you again." But still, whenever the time came round for Persephonê to go back to Hades, Dêmêtêr thought of the happy days when her child was a merry girl playing with her companions and gathering the bright flowers in the beautiful plains of Enna.

THE SLEEP OF ENDYMIÔN.[4]

ONE beautiful evening, when the sun was sinking down in the west, Selênê was wandering on the banks of the river Mæander; and she thought that of all the places which she had ever seen there were none more lovely than the quiet valley through which that gentle river was flowing. On her right hand rose a hill, whose sides were covered with trees and flowers; where the vine clambered over the elm, and the purple grapes shone out from amongst the dark leaves. Then Selênê asked some people who were passing by to tell her the name of the hill, and they told her that it was called the hill of Latmos. On she went, under the tall trees, whose branches waved over her in the clear evening light, till at last she reached the top, and looked down on the valley which lay beneath her. Then Selênê was

indeed astonished, for she had never seen anything so beautiful before, even in a dream. She had fancied that nothing could be more lovely than the vale of the Mæander, and now she saw something far more beautiful than the rocks and stones and clear bright water of that winding river. It was a small valley, at the bottom of which a lake shone like silver in the light of the setting sun. All around it beautiful trees covered the sloping banks; and their long branches drooped down over the water. Not a breath of wind was stirring the dark leaves — not a bird was flying in the air. Only the large green dragon-fly floated lazily on the lake, while the swan lay half asleep on the silvery waters. And on one side, in the loveliest corner of the valley there was a marble temple, whose pillars shone like the white snow; and, leading down to the lake, there were steps of marble, over which the palm trees spread their branches; and everywhere were clusters of all beautiful flowers, amongst which mosses, and ferns, and the green ivy were tangled. There was the white narcissus and the purple tulip — the dark hyacinth and the soft red rose. But more beautiful than all the trees and flowers, a man lay sleeping on the marble steps of the temple. It was Endymiôn, who lived in this quiet valley, where the storms never came, and where the

dark rain clouds never covered the sides of the mountain. There he lay in the still evening hour; and at first Selênê thought that it could scarcely be a living man whom she saw, for he lay as still as if he were made of marble himself. And as she looked upon him, Selênê drew in her breath for wonder; and she went gently down the valley till she came to the steps where Endymiôn lay asleep. Presently the sun sank behind the hill, and the rich glow of the evening made the silvery lake gleam like gold; and Endymiôn awoke and saw Selênê standing near him. Then Selênê said, "I am wandering over the earth; and I may not stay here. Come away, and I will show you larger lakes and more glorious valleys than these." But Endymiôn said, "O lady, I cannot go. There may be lakes which are larger, and valleys more splendid than this; but I love this still and quiet place, where the storms never come, and the sky is never black with clouds. You must not ask me to leave the cool shade of these sleeping trees, and the myrtles and roses which twine under the tall elms, and these waters, where the swans rest in the hot hours of the day and the dragon-fly spreads his green and golden wings to the sun."

Many times did Selênê ask him, but Endymiôn would not leave his pleasant home; and at last she said, "I can

stay no more; but if you will not come with me, then you shall sleep on these marble steps and never wake up again." So Selênê left him; and presently a deep sleep came over Endymiôn, and his hands dropped down by his side, and he lay without moving on the steps of the temple, while the evening breeze began to stir gently the broad leaves of the palm trees, and the lilies which bowed their heads over the calm water. There he lay all through the still and happy[5] night; and there he lay when the sun rose up from the sea, and mounted up with his fiery horses into the sky. There was a charm now on this beautiful valley, which made the breeze more gentle and the lake more still than ever. The green dragon-flies came floating lazily in the air near Endymiôn, but he never opened his eyes; and the swans looked up from the lake, to see if he was coming to feed them; but he stirred not in his deep and dreamless sleep. There he lay day and night, for weeks, and months, and years, and many times, when the sun went down into the sea, Selênê came and stood on the Latmian hill, and watched Endymiôn as he lay asleep on the marble steps beneath the drooping palm trees; and she said, "I have punished him because he would not leave his home; and Endymiôn sleeps for ever in the land of Latmos."

NIOBÊ AND LÊTO.

In the little island of Delos there lived a long time ago a lady who was called Niobê. She had many sons and many daughters, and she was very proud of them, for she thought that in all the island of Delos, and even in all the world, there were no children so beautiful as her own. And as they walked, and leaped, and ran amongst the hills and valleys of that rocky island, all the people looked at them and said, "Surely there are no other children like the children of the Lady Niobê." And Niobê was so pleased at hearing this, that she began to boast to everyone how strong and beautiful her sons and daughters were.

Now in this island of Delos there lived also the Lady Lêto. She had only two children, and their names

were Artemis and Phœbus Apollo; but they were very strong and fair indeed. And whenever the lady Niobê saw them, she tried to think that her own children were still more beautiful, although she could hardly help feeling that she had never seen any so glorious as Artemis and Apollo. So one day the Lady Lêto and the Lady Niobê were together, and their children were playing before them: and Phœbus Apollo played on his golden harp, and then he shot arrows from his golden bow, and whatever he shot at he was sure to hit, for his arrows never missed their mark. But Niobê never thought of Apollo's bow, and the arrows which he had in his quiver; and she began to boast to the Lady Lêto of the beauty of her children, and she said, "See, Lêto; look at my seven sons and my seven daughters, and see how strong and fair they are. Apollo and Artemis are beautiful, I know, but my children are fairer still; and you have only two children, while I have seven sons and seven daughters." So Niobê went on talking and boasting, and never thought whether she should make Lêto angry. But Lêto said nothing until Niobê and her children were gone away, and then she called Apollo, and said to him, "I do not love the Lady Niobê. She is always boasting that her sons and daughters are more beautiful than you and your sister;

and I want you to show her how silly and foolish she is, and that no one else is so strong as my children, or so beautiful." Then Phœbus Apollo was angry, and a dark frown came upon his fair young face, and his eyes were like the flaming fire.[6] But he said nothing; and he took his golden bow in his hand, and put his quiver with his terrible arrows across his shoulder, and went away to the hills where he knew that the lady Niobê and her children were. And when he saw them he went and stood on a bare high rock, and stretched the string of his golden bow, and took an arrow from his quiver.[7] Then he held out the bow, and drew the string to his breast, until the point of the arrow touched the bow; and then he let the arrow fly. Straight to its mark it went, and one of the Lady Niobê's sons fell dead. Then another arrow flew swiftly from the bow, and another, and another, and another, till all the sons and all the daughters of Niobê lay dead on the hill side. Then Apollo called out to Niobê and said, "Go and boast now of your beautiful children."

It had all passed so quickly that Niobê scarcely knew whether it was not a dream. She could not believe that her children were really gone—all her sons and all her daughters, whom she had just now seen so happy

and strong around her. But there they lay still and cold upon the ground. Their eyes were closed as if they were asleep, and their faces had still a happy smile, which made them look more beautiful than ever. And Niobê went to them all one by one, and touched their cold hands, and kissed their pale cheeks; and then she knew that the arrows of Phœbus Apollo had killed them. Then she sat down on a stone which was close to them, and the tears flowed from her eyes, and they streamed down her face, as she sate there as still as her children who lay dead before her. She never raised her head to look at the blue sky—she never moved hand or foot, but she sat weeping on the cold rock till she became as cold as the rock herself. And still her tears flowed on, and still her body grew colder and colder, until her heart beat no more, and the Lady Niobê was dead. But there she still seemed to sit and weep, for her great grief had turned her into a stone; and all the people, whenever they came near that place, said, "See, there sits the lady Niobê, who was turned into stone, when Phœbus Apollo killed all her children, because she boasted that no one was so beautiful as they were." And long after, when the stone was grown old and covered with moss, the people still thought they could see the form of the lady Niobê; for the stone,

which did not look much like the form of a woman when they came near to it, seemed at a distance just as though Niobê still sat there, weeping for her beautiful children whom Phœbus Apollo slew.[8]

ORPHEUS AND EURYDIKÊ.[9]

In the pleasant valleys of a country which was called Thessaly[10], there lived a man whose name was Orpheus. Every day he made soft music with his golden harp, and sang beautiful songs such as no one had ever heard before. And whenever Orpheus sang, then everything came to listen to him. It was strange to watch the beasts that came and stood all round him. The cows came, and the sheep, and dogs, and horses, and with them came peacefully the bears and wolves, for they forgot their old cruel ways as they heard the songs of Orpheus. The high hills listened to him also, and the trees bowed down their heads to hear; and even the clouds sailed along more gently and brightly in the sky when he sang, and the stream which ran close to his

feet made a softer noise, to show how glad his music made it.

Now Orpheus had a wife who was called Eurydikê, whom he loved very dearly. All through the winter when the snow was on the hills, and all through the summer when the sunshine made everything beautiful, Orpheus used to sing to her; and Eurydikê sat on the grass by his side, while the beasts came round to listen, and the trees bowed down their heads to hear him.

But one day when Eurydikê was playing with some children on the bank of the river, she trod upon a snake in the long grass, and the snake bit her. And by and by she began to be very sick, and Eurydikê knew that she must die. So she told the children to go to Orpheus (for he was far away) and say how sorry she was to leave him, and that she loved him always very dearly: and then she put her head down upon the soft grass, and fell asleep and died. You cannot think how sad Orpheus was when the children came to tell him that Eurydikê was dead. He felt so wretched that he never played upon his golden harp, and he never opened his lips to sing; and the beasts that used to listen to him wondered why Orpheus sat all alone on the green bank where Eurydikê used to sit with him, and why it was that he never made

any more of his beautiful music. All day long he sat there, and very often his cheeks were wet with his tears. And at last he said, "I cannot stay here any more; I must go and look for Eurydikê. I cannot bear to be without her, and perhaps the king of the land where people go after they are dead, will let her come back and live with me again."

So he took his harp in his hand, and went to look for Eurydikê in the land which is far away, where the sun goes down into his golden cup before the night comes on. And he went on and on a very long way, and at last he came to a high and dark gateway. It was barred across with iron bars, and it was bolted and locked so that nobody could open it. It was a wretched and gloomy place, because the sunshine never came there, and it was covered with clouds and mist. And in front of this great gateway there sat a monstrous dog, with three heads, and six eyes, and three tongues; and everything was dark around, except his eyes, which shone like fire, and which saw every one that dared to come near. Now when Orpheus came looking for Eurydikê, the dog raised his three heads, and opened his three mouths, and gnashed his teeth at him, and roared terribly: but when Orpheus came nearer, the dog jumped up upon his feet

and got himself ready to fly at him and tear him to pieces. Then Orpheus took down his harp and began to play upon its golden strings. And the dog Kerberos (for that was his name) growled and snarled and showed the great white teeth which were in his three mouths; but he could not help hearing the sweet music, and he wondered why it was that he did not wish any more to tear Orpheus in pieces. Very soon the music made him quiet and still, and at last it lulled him to sleep; and you could only tell by his heavy breathing and snoring that there was any dog there. So when Kerberos had gone to sleep, Orpheus passed by him and came up to the gate, and he found it wide open, for it had come open of its own accord while he was singing. And he was glad when he saw this, for he thought that now he should see Eurydikê.

So he went on and on a long way, until he came to the palace of the king; and there were guards placed before the door who tried to keep him from going in, but Orpheus played upon his harp, and then they could not help letting him go.

So he went into the great hall, where he saw the king and queen sitting on a throne; and as Orpheus came near, the king called out to him with a loud and terrible voice, "Who are you, and how dare you to come here?

Do you not know that no one is allowed to come here till after they are dead? I will have you tied up with iron chains, and you shall be placed in a dungeon, from which you will never be able to get out." Then Orpheus said nothing: but he took his golden harp in his hand and began to sing more sweetly and gently than ever, because he knew that, if he liked to do so, the king could let him see Eurydikê again. And as he sang, the faces of the king and queen began to look almost glad, and their rage and anger went away, and they began to feel how much happier it must be to be gentle and loving than to be angry and cruel. Then the king said, "O Orpheus, you have made me feel happy with your sweet music, although I have never felt happy before; and now tell me why you have come, because you must want something or other, for, otherwise, no one would come, before he was dead, to this sad and gloomy land of which I am the king." Then Orpheus said, "O king, give me back my dear Eurydikê, and let her go from this gloomy place and live with me on the bright earth again." So the king said that she should go. And the king said to Orpheus, "I have given you what you wanted, because you sang so sweetly; and when you go back to the earth from this place, your wife whom you love so dearly shall go up behind you:

but remember that you must never look back until she has reached the earth, for if you do, Eurydikê will be brought back here, and I shall not be able to give her to you again, even if you should sing more sweetly and gently than ever."

Now Orpheus was longing to see Eurydikê, and he hoped that the king would let him see her at once; but when the king said that he must not try to see her till she had reached the earth, he was quite content, for he said, "Shall I not wait patiently a little while, that Eurydikê may come and live with me again?" So he promised the king that he would go up to the earth without stopping to look behind and see whether Eurydikê was coming after him.

Then Orpheus went away from the palace of the king, and he passed through the dark gateway, and the dog Kerberos did not bark or growl, for he remembered the music which he had made, and he knew that Orpheus would not have been allowed to come back, if the king had not wished it. So he went on and on a long way; and he became impatient, and longed more and more to see Eurydikê. At last he came near to the land of living men, and he saw just a little streak of light, where the sun was going to rise from the sea: and

presently the sky became brighter, and he saw everything before him so clearly that he could not help turning round to look at Eurydikê. But, ah! she had not yet *quite* reached the earth, and so now he lost her again. He just saw something pale and white, which looked like his own dear wife; and he just heard a soft and gentle voice, which sounded like the voice of Eurydikê, and then it all melted away. And still he thought that he saw that pale white face, and heard that soft and gentle voice, which said, "O Orpheus, Orpheus, why did you look back? How dearly I love you, and how glad I should have been to live with you again; but now I must go back, because you have broken your promise to the king, and I must not even kiss you, and say how much I love you."

And Orpheus sat down at the place where Eurydikê was taken away from him; and he could not go on any further, because he felt so miserable: there he stayed day after day, and his cheek became more pale, and his body weaker and weaker, till at last he knew that he must die. And Orpheus was not sorry; for although he loved the bright earth, with all its flowers, and soft grass, and sunny streams, he knew that he could not be with Eurydikê again until he had left it.

So at last he laid his head upon the earth, and fell asleep, and died: and then he and Eurydikê saw each other in the land which is far away, where the sun goes down at night into his golden cup, and were never parted again.

PHRIXUS AND HELLÊ.

MANY, many years ago, there was a man called Athamas, and he had a wife whose name was Nephelê. They had two children—a boy and a girl. The name of the boy was Phrixus, and his sister was called Hellê. They were good and happy children, and played about merrily in the fields, and their mother Nephelê loved them dearly. But by and by their mother was taken away from them; and their father Athamas forgot all about her, for he had not loved her as he ought to do. And very soon he married another wife, whose name was Ino; but she was not kind to Phrixus and Hellê, and they began to be very unhappy. Their cheeks were no more rosy, and their faces did not look bright and cheerful, as they used to do when they could go home to their mother Nephelê; and so they played less

and less, until you could never have thought that they were the same children who were so happy before Nephelê was taken away. But Ino hated these poor children, for she was a cruel woman, and she wanted to get rid of Phrixus and Hellê, and she thought how she might do so. So she said that Phrixus was a wicked boy, and spoilt all the corn, and prevented it from growing, and that they would not be able to make any bread till he was killed. And she talked very often to Athamas, and persuaded him at last that he ought to kill Phrixus. But although Athamas was such a bad father, and cared nothing about Phrixus and Hellê, still their mother Nephelê saw what was going on, although they could not see her, because there was a cloud between them; and Nephelê was determined that Athamas should not hurt Phrixus. So what do you think she did? Why, she sent a ram, which had a golden fleece, to carry away her dear children. And one day, when they were sitting down on the grass (for they were too sad and unhappy to play), they saw a beautiful ram come into the field. And Phrixus said to Hellê, "O Hellê, look what a funny sheep this is that is coming to us; see, he shines all over like gold —his horns are made of gold, and all the hair on his body is golden too." So the ram came nearer and

nearer, and at last he lay down quite close to them, and looked so quiet that Phrixus and Hellê were not at all afraid of him. But they did not know that it was Nephelê who had sent the ram. So they played with the sheep, and they took him by the horns, and they stroked his golden fleece, and patted him on the head; and the ram looked so pleased that they thought they would like to have a ride on his back. So Phrixus got up first, and put his arms round the ram's neck, and little Hellê got up behind her brother and put her arms round his waist, and then they called to the ram to stand up and carry them about. And the ram knew what they wanted, and began to walk first, and then he began to run, and Phrixus and Hellê thought they had never had such fun before. But by and by what do you think the ram did? Why, it rose up from the ground and began to fly. And when it first left the earth, Phrixus and Hellê could not make out how it was, and Hellê said, "O Phrixus, I declare the sheep is beginning to fly!" and they began to get frightened, and they begged the ram to go down again and put them upon the ground; but the ram turned his head round, and looked so gently at them, that they were not frightened any more. So Phrixus told Hellê to hold on tight round his waist; and he said,

"Dear Hellê, do not be afraid, for I do not think the ram means to do us any harm, and I almost fancy that he must have been sent by our dear mother Nephelê, and that he will carry us to some better country, where the people will be kind to us as our mother used to be."

Now it so happened that, just as the ram began to fly away with the two children on its back, Ino and Athamas came into the field, thinking how they might kill Phrixus; but they could not see him anywhere; and when they looked up, then, high up in the air over their heads, they saw the ram flying away with the children on its back. So they cried out and made a great noise, and threw stones up into the air, thinking that the ram would get frightened and come down to the earth again; but the ram did not care how much noise they made or how many stones they threw up. On and on he flew, higher and higher, till at last he looked only like a little yellow speck in the blue sky; and then Ino and Athamas saw him no more.

So these wicked people sat down, very angry and unhappy. They were sorry because Phrixus and Hellê had got away all safe, when they wanted to kill them. But what do you think? They were much more sorry because they had gone away on the back of a ram whose fleece was made of gold. So Ino said to Athamas,

"What a pity that we did not come into the field a little sooner, for then we might have caught this ram and killed him and stripped off his golden fleece, and sold it, and we should have been rich and have had everything that we could want." Then Athamas said, "O yes, Ino, we should have been happy if we could have caught this ram: we must certainly go and ask everybody, till we find out where this ram comes down: and then we will say that it is our ram, which has run away; and so we shall get him back, and become rich and have all that we want."

All this time the ram was flying on and on, higher and higher, with Phrixus and Hellê on its back. And Hellê began to be very tired, and she said to her brother that she could not hold on much longer: and Phrixus said, "Dear Hellê, try and hold on as long as you possibly can: I dare say the ram will soon reach the place to which he wants to carry us, and then you shall lie down on the soft grass, and have such pleasant sleep that you will not feel tired any more." But Hellê said, "Dearest Phrixus, I will indeed try and hold fast as long as I can; but my arms are getting so weak that I am afraid that I shall not be able to hold on long." And by and by, when she grew weaker, she said, "Dear Phrixus, if I fall off, you will not see Hellê any more;

but you must not forget her, you must always love her as much as she loved you; and then some day or other we shall see each other again, and live with our dear mother Nephelê." Then Phrixus said, "O Hellê, try and hold fast a little longer still. I can never love any one so much as I love you: but I want you to live with me on the earth, and I cannot bear to think of living without you."

But it was of no use that he talked so kindly and tried to encourage his sister, because he was not able to make her arms and her body stronger: so by and by poor Hellê fell off, just as they were flying over a narrow part of the sea; and she fell into it, and was drowned. And the people called the part of the sea where she fell in, the Hellespont, which means the sea of little Hellê.[11]

So Phrixus was left alone on the ram's back; and the ram flew on and on a long way, till it came to the palace of Æêtes, the King of Colchis. And King Æêtes was walking about in his garden, when he looked up into the sky, and saw something which looked very like a yellow sheep with a little boy on its back. And King Æêtes rubbed his eyes, and looked again, and he was very much puzzled, for he had never seen such a strange thing before; and he called his

wife and his children, and everyone else that was in his house, to come and see this wonderful sight. And they looked, and saw the ram coming nearer and nearer, and then they knew that it really was a little boy on its back; and by and by the ram came down upon the earth near their feet, and Phrixus got off its back. Then King Æêtes went up to him, and took him by the hand, and asked him who he was; and he said, "Tell me, little boy, how it is that you come here, riding in this strange way, on the back of a ram." Then Phrixus told him how the ram had come into the field where he and Hellê were playing, and had carried them away from Ino and Athamas, who were very unkind to them, and how little Hellê had grown tired, and fallen off his back, and had been drowned in the sea. Then King Æêtes took Phrixus up in his arms, and said, "Do not be afraid, my good little boy; I will take care of you and give you all that you want, and no one shall hurt you here; and the ram which has carried you through the air shall stay in this beautiful place, where he will have as much grass to eat as he can possibly want, and a little stream to drink out of and to bathe in whenever he likes."[12]

So Phrixus was taken into the palace of King Æêtes, and everybody loved him, because he was good and

kind, and never hurt any one. And he grew up healthy and strong, and he learnt to ride about the country and to leap and run over the hills and valleys, and swim about in the clear rivers. He had not forgotten his dear sister Hellê, for he loved her still as much as ever, and very often he wished that she could come and live with him again; but he knew that she was now with his mother Nephelê, in the happy land to which good people go after they are dead. And therefore he was never unhappy when he thought of his sister, for he said, "One day I too shall be taken to that bright land, and live with my mother and my sister again, if I try always to do what is right." And very often he used to go and see the beautiful ram with the golden fleece feeding in the garden, and stroked its golden locks.

But the ram was not so strong now as he was when he flew through the air with Phrixus and Hellê on his back, for he was growing old and weak; and at last the ram died, and Phrixus was very sorry. And King Æêtes had the golden fleece taken off from his body, and they nailed it up upon the wall: and everyone came to look at the fleece which was made of gold, and to hear the story of Phrixus and Hellê.

But you must not forget that all this while those

wicked people, Athamas and Ino, had been hunting about everywhere, to see if they could find out where the ram had gone with the children on his back; and they asked every one whom they met, if they had seen a sheep with a fleece of gold carrying away two little children. But no one could tell them anything about it, till at last they came to the house of Æêtes the King of Colchis. And they came to the door, and asked Æêtes if he had seen Phrixus and Hellê, and the sheep with the golden fleece. Then Æêtes said to them, "I have never seen little Hellê, for she fell off from the ram's back, and was drowned in the sea; but Phrixus is with me still; and as for the ram, see here is his golden fleece nailed up upon the wall." And just then Phrixus happened to come in, and Æêtes asked them, "Look now, and tell me if this is the same Phrixus whom you are looking for." And when they saw him they said, "It is indeed the same Phrixus who went away on the ram's back; but he is grown into a great man:" and they began to be afraid, because they thought they could not ill-treat Phrixus, now that he was grown big, as they used to do when he was a little boy. So they tried to entice him away by pretending to be glad to see him; and they said, "Come away with us, dear Phrixus, and we shall live happily together."

But Phrixus saw from the look of their faces that they were not telling the truth, and that they hated him still, and he said to them, "I will not go with you; King Æêtes has been very good to me, and you were always very unkind to me and to my dear sister, and therefore I will never leave King Æêtes to go away with you." Then they said to Æêtes, "Phrixus may stay here, but give us the golden fleece which came from the ram that carried away the children." But Æêtes said, "I will not; — I know that you only ask for it because you are greedy people and want to sell it, and get all sorts of things which you think that you would like to have, and therefore you shall not have it."

Then Ino and Athamas turned away in a rage, and went to their own country again, wretched and unhappy because they could not get the golden fleece. And they told every one that the fleece of the ram was in the palace of Æêtes the King of Colchis, and they tried to persuade every one to go in a great ship and take away the fleece from King Æêtes by force. So a great many people came, and they all got into a large ship, that was called the Argo, and they sailed and sailed, until at last they came to Colchis. Then they sent some one to ask Æêtes to give them the golden fleece; but Æêtes said, "I will not give it to

you, because you do not ask me gently." So they all came up and took away the fleece by force, and sailed away again to their own land; but, after all, what do you think? — the fleece was not given to Athamas and Ino; the other people took it, for they said, "It is quite right that we should have it, to make up for all our trouble in helping to get it." So you see that, with all their greediness, these wretched people remained as poor and as miserable as ever.

CADMUS AND EUROPA.[13]

In a beautiful valley in Phœnicia, a long time ago, two children, named Cadmus and Europa, lived with their mother Têlephassa. They were good and happy children, and full of fun and merriment. It was a very lovely place in which they lived, where there were all sorts of beautiful trees with fruits and flowers. The oranges shone like gold among the dark leaves, and great bunches of dates hung from the tall palm trees which bowed down their heads as if they were asleep; and there was a delicious smell from the lime groves, and from a great many fruits and flowers which you never see in England, but which blossom and ripen under the hot sun in Syria. It was a happy sight to see Cadmus and his sister playing about among these trees, and bushes, and flowers. Sometimes Europa hid

herself away in the tall grass which waved there, that Cadmus might come and find her; and he used to set up such a merry shout when he came to the place where she was hiding. And sometimes Cadmus gathered a great many flowers, and tied them prettily together, and placed them like a crown on the head of his sister, and sometimes they chased each other up the hill, and down into the valley, and all along the banks of the river.

So Cadmus and Europa lived on with their mother Têlephassa, till they were now grown big. And when, one day, they were playing about by the side of the river, there came into the field a beautiful white bull. He was quite white all over—as white as the whitest snow; there was not a single spot or speck on any part of his body. His head was white, and his neck was white, and his back and his sides; and his horns were white also. And he came and lay down on the green grass, and remained still and quiet. And Cadmus called to his sister, and said, "O Europa, see what a beautiful white bull is come into the field, and how quiet he looks." Then Europa came and looked at him, and she said, "Do you think, Cadmus, that we may go up quite close to him and pat him?" So they went nearer and nearer to the bull; and the bull did not

move, but looked at them with his large eyes as if he wished to ask them to come and play with him; and at last they came to the place where the bull was. Then Cadmus thought that he would be very brave, so he put out his hand, and began to pat the bull on his side; and the bull only made a soft sound to show how glad he was. Then Europa put out her hand, and stroked him on the face, and laid hold of his white horn, and the bull rubbed his face gently against her dress. So by and by Cadmus thought that it would be pleasant to have a ride on the back of the bull; and he got on, and told the bull to get up and walk about with him. And the bull knew what he wanted. So he rose up from the ground, and went slowly round the field with Cadmus on his back; and just for a minute or two Cadmus felt frightened, but when he saw how well and safely the bull carried him, he was not afraid any more. And when he got off, then Europa had a ride on him by herself; and after that, both of them got up, and rode about together, and they found it so pleasant that they forgot it was getting late; and when they looked up to the sky, they saw that the sun was just sinking down behind the hills, and that now it was time to go home.

So when they reached the house, they ran quickly to

Têlephassa, and said to her, "Only think, we have been playing with a beautiful bull in the field. It is quite white all over; it let us pat and stroke it, and at last we got up on his back, and had many pleasant rides." And Têlephassa was glad that they had been so happy; but I do not think that she would have been so glad if she had known what the bull was going to do.

Now the next day when Europa was riding by herself, the bull began to trot quickly away; but Cadmus thought he was only trotting away for fun. So he ran after him, and cried out, "Stop, stop, you have gone far enough." But the faster that Cadmus ran, the bull ran faster still, and then Cadmus saw that the bull was running away with his sister Europa. Away the bull flew, all along the bank of the river, and up the steep hill and down into the valley on the other side; and then he scoured along the plain beneath. And Cadmus watched his white body, which shone like silver as he dashed through the small bushes and the long waving grass and the creeping plants which were trailing about all over the ground, till at last the white body of the bull looked only like a little speck, and then Cadmus could see it no more.

I cannot tell you how sad Cadmus was when his sister was taken away from him in this strange way.

His eyes were full of tears so that he could scarcely see; but still he kept on looking and looking in the way that the bull had gone, and hoping that he would bring his sister back by and by. But the sun sank down lower and lower in the sky, and then Cadmus saw him go down behind the hills: and he knew now that the bull would not come again; and then he began to cry bitterly. He hardly dared to go home and tell Têlephassa what had happened; and yet he knew that he ought to tell her. So he went home slowly and sadly; and Têlephassa saw him coming alone, and she began to be afraid that something had happened to Europa: and she ran quickly up to him and said, "O Cadmus, where is Europa?" And Cadmus could scarcely speak, he was so wretched; but he said, "The beautiful white bull has run away with Europa." Then Têlephassa asked him where he had gone; and Cadmus said that he did not know. But Têlephassa said, "Which way did he go?" and then Cadmus told her that the bull had run away towards the land of the West, where the sun goes down into his golden cup. Then Têlephassa said that they too must get up early in the morning and go towards the land of the West, and see if they could find Europa again.

That night they hardly slept at all; and their cheeks

were pale and wet with their tears. And before the sun rose, and while the stars still glimmered in the pale light of the morning, they got up and went on their journey to look for Europa. Far away they went: along the valleys and over the hills, across the rivers and through the woods, and they asked everyone whom they met if they had seen a white bull with a girl upon its back. But no one had seen anything of the kind, and many people thought that Cadmus and Têlephassa were silly to ask such a question, for they said, "Girls do not ride on the backs of bulls; you cannot be telling us the truth." But they said, "It is true indeed; and we cannot tell what we shall do if we cannot find her again." So they went on and on, asking every one, but hearing nothing about her. I cannot tell you of all the places which they came to in their search for Europa. Sometimes they saw the great mountains rising up high into the sky, with their tops covered with snow, and shining like gold in the light of the setting sun; sometimes they rested on the bank of a great broad river, where the large white lilies lay floating and sleeping on the water, and where the palm trees waved their long branches above their heads. Sometimes they came to a waterfall, where the water sparkled brightly as it rushed over the great stones. And whenever they came

to these pretty places, Cadmus would say to Têlephassa, "O how we should have enjoyed staying here if Europa were with us: but we do not care to stay here now; we must go on looking for her everywhere." So they went on and on till they came to the sea, and then they wondered how they could get across it, for it was a great deal wider than any river which they had seen. At last they found a place where the sea was narrow; and here a boatman took them across in his boat, just where little Hellê had been drowned when she fell off the back of the ram that was carrying her and her brother away to Colchis. So Têlephassa and Cadmus crossed over the Hellespont, which means the Sea of Hellê; and they went on and on, over mountains and hills and rocks, and wild gloomy places, till they came to the sunny plains of Thessaly. And still they asked everyone about Europa; but they found no one who had seen her. And Cadmus saw that his mother was getting weak and thin, and that she could not walk now as far and as quickly as she had done when they set out from home to look for his sister. So he asked her to rest for a little while. But Têlephassa said, "We must go on, Cadmus; for if we do, perhaps we may still find Europa." So they went on, until at last Têlephassa felt that she could not go any further. And she said to Cadmus, "I

am very tired, and I do not think I shall be able to walk any more with you: I must lie down and go to sleep here, and perhaps, Cadmus, I may not wake again. But if I die while I am asleep, then you must go on by yourself and look for Europa, for I am quite sure that you will find her some day, although I shall not be with you. And when you see your sister, tell her how I longed to find her again, and how much I loved her always. And now, my child, I must go to sleep; and if I do not wake up any more, then I trust that we shall all see each other again one day, in a land which is brighter and happier than even the land in which we used to live before your sister was taken away from us."

So when she had said this, Têlephassa fell asleep, just as the daylight was going away from the sky, and when the bright round moon rose up slowly from behind the dark hill. All night long Cadmus watched by her side; and when the morning came, he saw that Têlephassa had died while she was asleep. Her face was quite still, and Cadmus knew by the happy smile which was on it, that she had gone to the bright land to which good people go when they are dead. Cadmus was very sorry to be parted from his dear mother; but he was not sorry that now she could not feel tired or sorrowful any more. So Cadmus placed his mother's body in the

ground; and very soon all kinds of flowers grew up upon her grave.

But Cadmus had gone on to look for his sister Europa: and presently he met a shepherd who was leading his flock of sheep. He was very beautiful to look at. His face shone as bright almost as the sun. He had a golden harp, and a golden bow, and arrows in a golden quiver; and his name was Phœbus Apollo. And Cadmus went up to him and said, "Have you seen my sister Europa? a white bull ran away with her on his back. Can you tell me where I may find her?" And Phœbus Apollo said, "I have seen your sister Europa, but I cannot tell you yet where she is: you must go on a great way further still, till you come to a town which is called Delphi, under a great mountain named Parnassus; and there perhaps you may be able to find out something about her. But when you have seen her, you must not stay there: because I want you to build a city, and become a king, and be wise and strong and good. You and Europa must follow a beautiful cow that I shall send, till it lies down upon the ground to rest; and the place where the cow shall lie down shall be the place where I wish you to build the city."

So Cadmus went on and on till he came to the town

of Delphi, which lay beneath the great mountain called Parnassus. And there he saw a beautiful temple with white marble pillars, which shone brightly in the light of the early morning. And Cadmus went into the temple; and whom do you think he saw? why—his dear sister Europa. And Cadmus said, "O Europa, is it you indeed? How glad I am to find you." Then Europa told Cadmus how the bull had brought her and left her there a long time ago, and how sorry she had been that she could not tell Têlephassa where she was. Then she said to Cadmus, "How pale and thin and weak you look: tell me how it is that you are come alone, and when shall I see our dear mother?" Then his eyes became full of tears, and Cadmus said, "O Europa, we shall never see our mother again in this world. She has gone to the happy land where good people go when they are dead. She was so tired with seeking after you that at last she could not come any further, and she lay down and fell asleep, and never waked up again. But she said that when I saw you, I must tell you how she longed to see you, and how she hoped that we should all live together one day in the land to which she has gone before us. And now, Europa, we must not stay here: for I met a shepherd whose name is Phœbus Apollo. He had a golden harp and a golden bow, and

his face shone like the sun: and he told me that we must follow a beautiful cow which he would send, and build a city in that place where the cow shall lie down to rest."

So Europa left Delphi with her brother Cadmus: and when they had gone a little way, they saw a cow lying down on the grass. But when they came near, the cow got up, and began to walk in front of them: and then they knew that this was the cow which Phœbus Apollo had sent. So they followed the cow: and it went on and on, a long way, and at last it lay down to rest on a large plain; and Cadmus knew then that this was the place where he must build the city. And there he built a great many houses, and the city was called Thebes.[18] And Cadmus became the king of Thebes, and his sister Europa lived there with him. He was a wise and good king, and ruled his people justly and kindly. And by and by Cadmus and Europa both fell asleep and died; and then they saw their mother Têlephassa, in the happy land to which good people go when they are dead, and were never parted from her any more.

ODYSSEUS AND POLYPHEMUS.[14]

THE war at Troy was over. The Achæans had burnt the great city of Priam; and Odysseus and all the other princes set out in their ships to go home. But the winds and storms carried them away to many lands. Only a few reached the countries which they had left to go to Troy; and these were tossed about for a long time on the sea, and went through great toil and many dangers.

At first the ships of Odysseus went on merrily with a fresh breeze: and the men thought that they would soon come to rocky Ithaca, where their homes were. But Athênê was angry with Odysseus, and she asked Poseidon, the lord of the sea, to send a great storm and scatter his ships. So the wind arose, and the waters of the sea began to heave and swell, and the sky was black

with clouds and rain. Many days and many nights the storm raged fiercely; and when it was over, Odysseus could only see four or five of all the ships which had sailed with him from Troy. The ships were drenched with the waves which had broken over them, and the men were wet and cold and tired; and they were glad indeed when they saw an island far away. So they sat down on the benches, and took the great oars and rowed the ships towards the shore: and as they came near, they saw that the island was very beautiful with cliffs and rocks, and bays for ships to take shelter from the sea. Then they rowed into one of these quiet bays, where the water was always calm, and where there was no need to let down an anchor, or to tie the ship by ropes to the sea shore, for the ship lay there quite still of itself.[15] At the head of the bay a stream of fresh water trickled down from the cliffs, and ran close to the opening of a large cave, and near the cave some willow trees drooped their branches over the stream, which ran down towards the sea.

So they made haste to go on shore; and when they had landed, they saw fine large plains on which the corn might grow, but no one had taken the trouble to sow the seed; and sloping hills for the grapes to ripen on the vines, but none were planted on them.[16]

And Odysseus thought that the people who lived there must be very strange, because they had no corn and no vines, and he could see no houses, but only sheep and goats feeding on the hill-sides. So he took his bow and arrows, and shot many of the goats, and he and his men lay down on the ground and had a merry meal, and drank the rich red wine which they had brought with them from the ship. And when they had finished eating and drinking they fell asleep, and did not wake up till the morning showed its rosy light in the eastern sky.

Then Odysseus said that he would take some of his men and go to see who lived on the island, while the others remained in the ship close to the sea-shore. So they set out, and at last they came to the mouth of a great cave, where many sheep and goats were penned up in large folds; but they could see no one in the cave or anywhere near it; and they waited a long while, but no one came. So they lit a fire, and made themselves merry, as they ate the cheese and drank the milk which was stored up round the sides of the cave.

Presently they heard a great noise of heavy feet stamping on the ground, and they were so frightened that they ran inside the cave, and crouched down at the end of it. Nearer and nearer came the Cyclops,

and his tread almost made the earth shake. At last in he came, with many dry logs of wood on his back; and in came all the sheep, which he milked every evening; but the rams and the goats stayed outside. But if Odysseus and his men were afraid when they saw Polyphemus the Cyclops come in, they were much more afraid when he took up a great stone, which was almost as big as the mouth of the cave, and set it up against it for a door. Then the men whispered to Odysseus, and said, "Did we not beg and pray you not to come into the cave? but you would not listen to us; and now how are we to get out again? why, two-and-twenty waggons would not be able to take away that huge stone from the mouth of the cave." But they were shut in now, and there was no use in thinking of their folly for coming in.

So there they lay, crouching in the corner of the cave, and trembling with fear lest Polyphemus should see them. But the Cyclops went on milking all the sheep, and then he put the milk into the bowls round the sides of the cave, and lit the fire to cook his meal. As the flames shot up from the burning wood to the roof of the cave, it showed him the forms of Odysseus and his companions, where they lay huddled together in the corner; and he cried out to them with a loud voice,

"Who are you that dare to come into the cave of Polyphemus? are you come to rob me of my sheep, or my cheese and milk that I keep here?"

Then Odysseus said, "Oh! no, we are not come to do you any harm: we are Achæans who have been fighting at Troy to bring back Helen, whom Paris stole away from Sparta, and we went there with the great King Agamemnon, whom everybody knows.[17] We are on our way home to Ithaca, but Poseidon sent a great storm, because Athênê was angry with me; and almost all our ships have been sunk in the sea, or broken to pieces on the rocks."

When he had finished speaking, Polyphemus frowned savagely and said, "I know nothing of Agamemnon, or Paris, or Helen;" and he seized two of the men, and broke their heads against the stones, and cooked them for his dinner. That day Polyphemus ate a huge meal, and drank several bowls full of milk; and after that he fell fast asleep. Then, as he lay there snoring in his heavy sleep, Odysseus thought how easy it would be to plunge his sword into his breast and kill him; and he was just going to do it when he thought of the great stone which Polyphemus had placed at the mouth of the cave; and he knew that if Polyphemus were killed

no one else could move away the stone, and so they would all die shut up in that dismal place.

So the hours of the night went slowly on, but neither Odysseus nor his friends could sleep, for they thought of the men whom Polyphemus had eaten, and how they would very likely be eaten up themselves. At last they could tell, from the dim light which came in between the top of the stone and the roof of the cave, that the morning was come: and soon Polyphemus awoke and milked all the sheep again; and when he had done this, he went to the end of the cave, and took up two more men and killed and ate them. Then he took down the great stone from the mouth of the cave, and drove all the cattle out to graze on the soft grass on the hills; and Odysseus began to hope that they might be able to get away before Polyphemus came back. But the Cyclops was not so silly as to let them go, for, as soon as the cattle were gone out, he took up the huge stone again as easily as if it had been a little pebble, and put it up against the mouth of the cave; and there were Odysseus and his friends shut up again as fast as ever.

Then Odysseus began to think more and more how they were to get away, for if they stayed there they would soon be all killed, if Polyphemus went on eating four of them every day. At last, near the sheep-fold,

he saw a club which Polyphemus was going to use as a walking stick. It was the whole trunk of an olive tree, fresh and green, for he had only just cut it and left it to dry, that he might carry it about when it was fit for use. There it lay like the mast of a ship, which twenty men could hardly have lifted [18]; and Odysseus cut off a bit from the end, as much as a man could carry, and told the men to bring it to a very sharp point; and when they had done this he hardened it in the fire, and then hid it away till Polyphemus should come home. By and by, when the sun was sinking down, they heard the terrible tramp of his feet, and felt the earth shake beneath his tread. Then the great stone was taken down from the mouth of the cave, and in he came, driving the sheep and goats and the rams also before him, for this time he let nothing stay outside. So he milked the sheep and the goats, as he had done the day before; and then he killed two more men, and began to eat them for his supper. Then Odysseus went towards him with a bottle full of wine, and said, "Drink this wine, Polyphemus; it will make your supper taste much nicer; I have brought it to you because I want you to do me some kindness in return." So the Cyclops stretched out his hand to take the wine, and he drank it off greedily and asked for

more. "Give me more of this honey-sweet wine," he said; "surely no grapes on this earth could ever give such wine as this: tell me your name, for I should like to do you a kindness for giving me such wine as this." Then Odysseus said, "O Cyclops, I hope you will not forget to give me what you have promised: my name is Nobody." And Polyphemus said, "Very well, I shall eat up Nobody last of all, when I have eaten up all his companions; and this is the kindness which I mean to do for him." But by this time he was so stupid with all that he had been eating and drinking that he could say no more, but fell on his back fast asleep; and his heavy snoring sounded through the whole of the cave.

Then Odysseus cried to his friends, "Now is the time; come and help me, and we will punish this Cyclops for all that he has done." So he took the piece of the olive tree, which had been made sharp, and put it into the fire, till it almost burst into a flame; and then he and two of his men went and stood over Polyphemus, and pushed the burning wood into his great eye as hard and as far down as they could. It was a terrible sight to see; but the Cyclops was so stupid and heavy in sleep that at first he could scarcely stir; but presently he gave a great groan, so that Odysseus and his people started back in a fright, and crouched down at the end

of the cave: and then the Cyclops put out his hand and drew the burning wood from his eye, and threw it from him in a rage, and roared out for help to his friends, who lived on the hills round about. His roar was as deep and loud as the roar of twenty lions; and the other Cyclôpes wondered when they heard him shouting out so loud, and they said, "What can be the matter with Polyphemus? we never heard him make such a noise before: let us go and see if he wants any help." So they went to the cave, and stood outside the great stone which shut it in, listening to his terrible bellowings; and when they did not stop, they shouted to him, and asked him what was the matter. "Why have you waked us up in the middle of the night with all this noise, when we were sleeping comfortably? is any one taking away your sheep and goats, or killing you by craft and force?" And Polyphemus said, "Nobody, my friends, is killing me by craft and force." [19] When the others heard this they were angry, and said, "Well, then, if nobody is killing you, why do you roar so? if you are ill, you must bear it as best you can, and ask our father Poseidon to make you well again;" and then they walked off to their beds, and left Polyphemus to make as much noise as he pleased.

It was of no use that he went on shouting: no one

came to him any more; and Odysseus laughed because he had tricked him so cunningly by calling himself Nobody. So Polyphemus got up at last, moaning and groaning with the dreadful pain, and groped his way with his hands against the sides of the cave until he came to the door. Then he took down the great stone, and sat with his arms stretched out wide; and he said to himself, "Now I shall be sure to catch them, for no one can get out without passing me."

But Odysseus was too clever for him yet; for he went quietly and fastened the great rams of Polyphemus together with long bands of willow. He tied them together by threes, and under the stomach of the middle one he tied one of his men, until he had fastened them all up safely. Then he went and caught hold of the largest ram of all, and clung on with his hands to the thick wool underneath his stomach: and so they all waited in a great fright, lest after all the giant might catch and kill them. At last the pale light of the morning came into the Eastern sky, and very soon the sheep and the goats began to go out of the cave. Then Polyphemus passed his hands over the backs of all the sheep as they passed by, but he did not feel the willow bands, because their wool was long and thick, and he never thought that any one would be tied up underneath

their stomachs. Last of all came the great ram to which Odysseus was clinging: and when Polyphemus passed his hand over his back, he stroked him gently and said, "Well, old sheep, is there something the matter with you too, as there is with your master? You were always the first to go out of the cave, and now to-day for the first time you are the last. I am sure that that horrible Nobody is at the bottom of all this. Ah, old ram, perhaps it is that you are sorry for your master, whose eye Nobody has put out. I wish you could speak like a man, and tell me where he is. If I could but catch him, I would take care that he never got away again, and then I should have some comfort for all the evil which Nobody has done to me." So he sent the ram on; and when he had gone a little way from the cave, Odysseus got up from under the ram, and went and untied all his friends: and very glad they were to be free once more; but they could not help crying, when they thought of the men whom Polyphemus had killed. But Odysseus told them to make haste and drive as many of the sheep and goats as they could to the ships. So they drove them down to the shore and hurried them into the ships, and began to row away: and soon they would have been out of the reach of the Cyclops, if Odysseus could only have held his tongue.

But he was so angry himself, that he thought he would like to make Polyphemus also still more angry; so he shouted to him, and said, "Oh, cruel Cyclops, did you think that you would not be punished for eating up my friends? Is this the way in which you receive strangers who have been tossed about by many storms upon the sea?"

Then Polyphemus was more furious than ever, and he broke off a great rock from the mountain, and hurled it at Odysseus. On it came whizzing through the air, and fell just in front of his ship, and the water was dashed up all over it; and there was a great heaving of the sea, which almost carried them back to the land. Then they began to row again with all their might; but still, when they had got about twice as far as they were before, Odysseus could not help shouting out a few more words to Polyphemus. So he said, "If any one asks you how you lost your eye, remember, O Cyclops, to say that you were made blind by Odysseus, the plunderer of cities, the son of Laertes, who lives in Ithaca."

Terrible indeed was the fury of Polyphemus when he heard this, and he said: "Now I remember how the wise Têlemos used to tell me that a man would come here named Odysseus, who would put my eye out. But I thought he would have been some great strong

man, almost as big as myself; and this is a miserable little wretch, whom I could almost hold in my hand if I caught him. But stay, Odysseus, and I will show you how I thank you for your kindness, and I will ask my father Poseidon to send you a pleasant storm to toss you about upon the dark sea."

Then Polyphemus took up a bigger rock than ever, and hurled it high into the air with all his might. But this time it fell just behind the ship of Odysseus: up rose the water and drenched Odysseus and all his people, and almost sunk the ship under the sea. But it only sent them further out of the reach of the Cyclops; and though he hurled more rocks after them, they now fell far behind in the sea and did them no harm. But even when they had rowed a long way, they could still see Polyphemus standing on the high cliff, and shaking his hands at them in rage and pain. But no one came to help him for all his shouting, because he had told his friends that Nobody was doing him harm.

ODYSSEUS AND CIRCÊ.

WHEN Odysseus got away safely with his ships from the island of the cruel Cyclops Polyphemus, he thought that now he should be able to sail home to Ithaca quietly and happily, and he said, "Surely now we shall have some rest and peace after all our long wandering and toil." But he was mistaken, for a great storm came. The waves rose up like mountains, and the ships were driven towards the shore, and all except the ship of Odysseus were dashed upon the rocks, and all the men were drowned. And Odysseus was grieved when he saw it, and he thought that no one could ever have been so unlucky and so miserable as he was.

But there were more troubles to come still. The storm was over, and the soft breeze was carrying them gently over a bright sea, when they saw an island far

away. And Odysseus said, "We will go and rest on this island, and perhaps we may find some one there who may be kinder to us than Polyphemus was." So they sailed into a little bay where the trees and flowers grew down to the very beach: and on the side of the hill which rose up gently from the water they saw a splendid house in a large and beautiful garden. And Odysseus sent a great many of his men to go and see who lived in it, and ask for something to eat and drink. So three-and-twenty men set out with Eurylochos at their head, and when they came near the house they thought that they had never seen so grand a place before. All round it there were marble pillars, and on the stones were carved beautiful flowers, and figures of men and beasts. And before the front of the house there were great wolves and fierce-looking lions lying down upon the ground; but when the men came near they did not tear them in pieces, or growl and roar at them, but they went gently up to the sailors and fawned on them just as a dog would do. And inside the house they saw a lady sitting on a golden throne, and weaving bright-coloured threads to make a splendid robe. And as she wove she sang with a low soft voice the song which made the fierce beasts before her door so tame and gentle.

Now the sailors of Odysseus felt so weak and tired after their long voyage, that they thought they could have nothing happier than to stay in the house of the Lady Circê, who sang so sweetly as she sat on her golden throne. So they knocked at the door, and the Lady Circê herself came out and spoke to them kindly, and asked them to come in. Then, as fast as they could, the three-and-twenty men hurried into the great hall, without thinking what the Lady Circê might be able to do to them. But Eurylochos would not go in, for he remembered the strange things which he had seen, and he said: "I am afraid to trust myself with the Lady Circê, for if she can make even wolves and lions as gentle as a dog, how can I tell what she may do to me and my companions?" So he stayed outside, while the three-and-twenty sailors sat down at the long tables full of good things to eat and drink which were spread out in the great hall of Circê's palace. But they did not know that she had mixed strange things in all the food and in all the wine, and that if they tasted any of it, she would be able to do to them whatever she liked. And when Circê asked them to take whatever they would like to have, they began to eat and drink as though they had never had any dinner before. So they went on eating until they could go on no longer, and

then Circê touched each of them gently with the long thin staff which she held in her hand and said to them, "You have eaten so much that you are little better than swine, and now you shall be turned into hogs, and fatten like them in a sty."

Scarcely had she said the word when they began to be changed. They looked at their hands and feet, and they saw that they were turning into the cloven hoofs of swine; and as they touched their faces or their bodies they felt that they were becoming covered with bristles; and when they tried to speak, they found that they could do nothing but grunt. Then Circê said, "Away with you, you greedy people;" and away they went each to his own sty, and began to eat the acorns and the barley meal which was placed in their troughs. But although they had been turned into pigs, they still remembered what they had been, and grunted lamentably when they thought of all the trouble which they had brought on themselves by being so greedy.[20]

For a long time Eurylochos waited on the marble steps which led up to the house of Circê, hoping that the three-and-twenty men would soon come out again. But they did not come: and Eurylochos could not tell what had happened; and now the sun was sinking down

towards the sea. So he ran down quickly to the beach, where the ship of Odysseus was fastened by the stern-cable to the land; and when he saw Odysseus he could not speak, because he felt so wretched. But after they had asked him many times why the tears were running down his cheeks, then he told them how they had gone to the house of Circê, and how all the men had gone into her palace and never come out again, while he stayed outside, because he was afraid of the magic arts of the wise and beautiful Lady Circê.

Then Odysseus was very angry, and he hung his silver-studded sword on his shoulder, and took his bow and arrows to go and kill the Lady Circê: and he told Eurylochos to show him the way. But Eurylochos was afraid, and he said, "Do not ask me to go with you; you do not know how terrible and treacherous is the Lady Circê. She tames the wolves and lions, and she sings with a sweet and gentle voice, which will make you do anything that she wishes." But Odysseus spoke angrily to Eurylochos, and said, "Stay here if you like, and eat and drink and enjoy yourself; but I must go and see if I can set my men free from the power of the Lady Circê."

So he left the ship and began to mount the hill which led to her palace; and perhaps Odysseus

might have been turned into a hog, if there had been no one to tell him of his danger. But on the road he met a beautiful young man with a golden rod in his hand: and this was Hermês, the messenger of Zeus, who had come from Olympus to save Odysseus from the wiles of Circê. And Hermês kissed his hand and said, "O Odysseus, where are you going up this rocky path? Do you not know what has happened to the sailors who went up with Eurylochos? They have all been turned into swine and are shut up in Circê's sties: and if you go on by yourself, you will be changed as they have been. But I will give you something, so that you need not be afraid of Circê.[21] Take this root and carry it with you into her palace; and when she strikes you with her golden staff she will not be able to turn you into a hog as she has turned the others." Then Hermês tore up from the earth a black root, called Môly, and gave it to Odysseus; and Odysseus thanked Hermês, and went on to the palace of Circê. And as he mounted the marble steps the wolves and lions came and fawned gently upon him, and he heard the song which Circê sang as she wove the bright-coloured threads for her beautiful robe; and Odysseus said, "Can any one who sings so sweetly be so wicked and cruel?" But when he reached the door and called out to be let

in, the Lady Circê left her golden throne and opened the door for Odysseus; and she brought him in and placed him on a seat studded with silver nails and put a foot-stool under his feet. Then she brought him meat and wine, and when Odysseus had eaten and drank as much as he wished, she struck him with her staff, and said, "Now be turned into a hog, as your sailors have been turned before you, and be off to the sty which is ready for you."

Then Odysseus took his mighty sword, which hung across his shoulder, and his eyes shone like flaming fire as he looked at the Lady Circê; and he spake in a loud and terrible voice, and said to her, "O wicked and cruel woman! where are all my men who came up here with Eurylochos? Unless you show me where they are, I will kill you with this two-handed sword which I have in my hands." And Circê started back when she saw that she could not change Odysseus into a hog, and she said, "I am sure that Hermês must have given Odysseus something to guard against my trick, or else he must have been turned into a hog when I struck him with my golden wand." She was terribly frightened, for she could not tell what Odysseus might do to her; but she saw that there was no help for it. So she showed him the way to the sties, and there the sailors were.

Although they were now swine, there was just enough to show Odysseus what they had been and who they were. He was terribly grieved, but he could hardly help laughing as he saw their bodies covered with bristles, and their long snouts and hoofs. But when he asked them how they came to be in such a state, they could only shake their heads and grunt pitiably.

Then Odysseus was more angry than ever, and he turned fiercely to the Lady Circê, and said, "I will certainly kill you, unless you immediately turn all these pigs into men again." And Circê knew, from the tone of his voice, that she had no chance of escaping; so she struck them each with her long wand, and they became men again as they had been before. After this Circê pretended to love Odysseus, and she said, "Come and stay with me for a year. Look at my beautiful house, and see the wolves and lions standing tamely on the marble steps. Stay and be happy here; I know how to charm all your cares away."

But Odysseus said, "Lady, I thank you; but I may not stay, for I long to reach my home. Ten years we were at Troy, and we have now been many years on our road home; and my wife Penelopê has almost ceased to hope that I shall ever come back again; and if I stay away longer, I am sure that she will die." Then

Circê let him go; but first she told him that there were some dangerous places for him to pass before he could reach his home, and how he must take great care as he passed by the island of the Seirens. So Odysseus thanked Circê; and he went on board as quickly as he could with all his men, and rowed out into the deep sea; and then they set the sails to go to the rugged island called Ithaca, where the Lady Penelopê was living.

ODYSSEUS AND THE SEIRENS.

WHEN Odysseus and his men had left the island of the Lady Circê, a fresh breeze carried them merrily for several days over the sea. But after that the wind sank down, and there was a calm. The sails flapped against the mast, and they had to take them down and to row the ship on with their long oars. The sun was shining hot and fierce, and the men were very tired. There was not even a ripple upon the sea, and not a breath of air to cool their burning faces. And Odysseus remembered how the Lady Circê had told him that he would have to pass near the Seirens' island where the sea was always calm, and how she said that he must take care not to listen to the Seirens' song, if he did not wish his ship to be dashed to pieces on the rocks. For, all day long, the Seirens lay on the sea-shore, or swam about in

the calm water, singing so sweetly that no one who heard them could ever pass on without going to them: and whoever went to them was killed upon the rocks, for the Seirens were very beautiful and cruel, and they sang their soft enticing songs, to draw the sailors into the shallow water, that their ships might be broken on the terrible reefs which lay hidden beneath the calm sea. And when Circê told Odysseus of the Seirens' rocks, she said that he must fill his sailors' ears with wax, that they might not hear the song and be drawn in upon those terrible reefs.

So, as the sun shone down fiercely on their heads, Odysseus thought that they must be coming near to the island of the Seirens; and he took a large lump of wax and pressed it in his fingers till the hot sun made it soft and sticky. Then he called the men and said that now he must fill their ears with wax, and so they would not hear the song of the beautiful and cruel Seirens. But Odysseus was a very strange man, and liked to hear and see everything; so he said that he must hear the song himself, and that they must tie him to the mast for fear he should leap into the sea to swim to the Seirens' land.

Then he filled the sailors' ears with wax so that they could hear nothing; and they took a large rope and put

it two or three times round the arms and waist of Odysseus; and then they sat down again on their benches, and began to row the ship on as quickly as they could. Presently through the breathless air, and over the still and sleeping sea, there came a sound so sweet and soothing that Odysseus thought that he could no longer be living on the earth. Softer and sweeter it swelled upon the ear, and it seemed to speak to Odysseus of rest and peace, although he could hear no words: and he felt as if he could give up everything if only he might hear those sweet sounds for ever. So he made signs to the sailors to row on quicker; but presently the song rose in the sultry air, more sweet, and gentle, and enticing; and it seemed to say, "O tired and weary sailors, why do you toil so hard to row your ship under this fierce, hot sun? Come to us, and sit among these cool rocks: come and rest,—come and rest." But he did not yet hear the words, for they were still too far from the Seirens' rocks. Still, nearer and nearer the sailors rowed; and now he heard the words of their song, and he knew that they were speaking to himself, for they said, "O Odysseus, man of many toils and long wanderings, great glory of the Achæans, come to us and listen to our song. Every one who passes over the sea near our island stays to hear it, and forgets all his labour and

all his trouble, and then goes away peaceful and happy, Come and rest, Odysseus, comé and rest. We know all the great deeds which you have done at Troy, and how you have been tossed by many storms, and suffered many sorrows, sailing on the wide sea. But here the sea is always calm, and the sun cannot scorch you in the cool and pleasant caves where you shall hear us sing."

Then Odysseus cried out to the sailors, "Let me go, let me go, they are calling me; do you not hear?" And he struggled with all his might to break the cords that bound him; but when they saw him trying to get free, they went and tied stronger cords round his arms and waist, and rowed on quicker than ever. And still Odysseus prayed them to set him free, that he might leap into the sea and swim to the Seirens' caves. "I cannot stay," he said; "they are calling me by my name; their song rises sweeter and clearer than ever; let us go, let us go." And again he heard them singing, "O Odysseus, man of many toils, we are waiting for you and will sing you to sleep, and charm all your cares away for ever." But quicker and quicker the sailors rowed on, till at last they had passed the island. And the Seirens saw that Odysseus was going away; but yet again they sang, "Come back, Odysseus, come back

and rest in our cool green caves, O man of many griefs and wanderings." But the sound of their sweet song was now faint before it reached the ship of Odysseus, and he could only just hear them say, "Will you leave us, will you leave us? Ah! Odysseus, you do not know what you are losing. Come to our cool green caves; we are waiting, — we are waiting."

But the power of the Seirens' song grew weaker as the ship went further away; and Odysseus began to think how foolish and silly he had been. He could not hear any more the words of the song, as they called him by his name; but still he half wished to go back to the Seirens' land, while yet he heard the sound of their singing, as it came faint and weak through the hot and breathless air. Soon it was all ended. The sky was still; the waves were all asleep; the clouds looked down drowsily on the water; and Odysseus thought that he could die, he was so tired and spent with struggling.

So when the sailors saw that Odysseus did not struggle any more, they went and set him free, and took the wax out of their ears. And Odysseus said, "O friends, it is better not to hear the Seirens' song; for if but two or three of us had heard it, we should have gone to them, and our ship have been sunk in their green caves."

And they said, "It is indeed better not to hear it. You were so busy listening to their song that you could not see what we saw. All the way as we passed by the island, logs of wood and bits of masts were floating on the water: and these must have been pieces from ships which have been broken on the rocks, because the sailors heard the Seirens' song." [22]

ODYSSEUS AND NAUSICAÂ.

MANY were the sorrows of Odysseus after he had sailed away from the Seirens' land. Some of his men were swallowed up by Skylla, and those who escaped killed some of the cattle of Helios [23] when they had landed on his beautiful island; and when they had gone away, Helios brought a great storm, and dashed them all to pieces on the rocks, and Odysseus was the only man who was not drowned. There he stood on the rocky shore, where the cliffs hung over his head, and the waves came thundering to his feet; and the tears rushed to his eyes when he thought how he had left Troy with so many ships and so many brave friends, and now they were all dead and gone, and he was left a lonely man, and knew not whether he should ever reach his home.

Presently he saw floating near him a piece of the

mast, and a strong rope of bull's hide fastened to it; and Odysseus laid hold of it, and floated out into the sea. First, he had to pass the terrible whirlpool of Charybdis; and then for nine days and nights he was tossed on the heaving sea, until at last he reached the island of the Lady Calypso, who took him to her house, and gave him meat and wine, and everything that he wanted to refresh him after his weary tossing on the water. But when Odysseus wished to go home to Ithaca, she would not help him to build a raft on which he might sail away; and so she made him stay for a whole year, till Hermês came to say that she must let him go.

Then Calypso helped him to build his raft; and when it was ready, he set out to go to Ithaca. But again a storm came, and the waves tossed about the raft of Odysseus until it was broken to pieces, and he was thrown into the sea. For many hours he had to swim, till at last he was thrown up on the sea-beach, when he was not able to move any longer. There he lay amongst the rough and hard stones, and every now and then a wave would come and dash over him, and make him shiver with the cold.

Now a group of merry girls were playing about on the sea-shore with Nausicaâ, the daughter of Alkinoös, who

was the king of the island. They had gone down to the sea-shore to wash their clothes[24]; and now they were playing after their work was done. And they were just going back to the city, when one of them threw the ball, with which they were playing, at another of the girls; but the ball missed her, and rolled down into a deep and narrow place, and they gave a great cry which woke up Odysseus, who was lying cold and almost dead among the rocks. And he opened his eyes, and said to himself, "Did I not hear the sound of voices, like the voices of merry girls? I must go and see if they can help me, and lead me to some one who will give me food and shelter." So he crept out from among the rocks where he had been lying, and came to the place where the girls were. When they saw Odysseus with his clothes all torn, and his hair matted and twisted over his face, the others were frightened, and began to scream; but Nausicaâ was a good and brave girl, and she told them not to be so silly, but to help the poor stranger if they could. And Odysseus came, and knelt down to her, and said, "O Lady, you see how very miserable I am. The storm has broken my raft to pieces; and, for many hours, I have had to swim in the sea, till I was cold and faint; and then the waves tossed me among the rocks, where I lay bruised and

stunned, until I heard your voices. But tell me now where I am, and if there is any one here who can help me, and give me something to eat and drink, and then send me home to Ithaca."

And Nausicaâ said, "Do not be afraid, O stranger, whoever you are. You shall have all that you can want. My name is Nausicaâ, and I am the daughter of Alkinoös, the king of the Phæacians, who live in this happy island. Come with me, for I am sure that he and my mother Arêtê will be good and kind to you; and when you are well and strong again, you shall go on home to Ithaca." And as she spoke, she looked so gentle and good, that Odysseus thought he had never seen any one half so beautiful before; and he followed her gladly, as she showed him the way to the house of Alkinoös.

Never had Odysseus seen anything half so splendid before. The house stood in a glorious garden, where there were all manner of fruits and flowers, and where the fruits and flowers lasted all the year round. There were no trees to be seen there without leaves, nor any whose leaves were yellow or withered, for there was no winter there and no autumn; but the soft west wind and the gentle sun ripened the fruit on some of the trees while others were coming into blossom; and even

on the same tree you might see some of the fruit ripe, and some only just hardening from the bud. All the year round the purple grapes shone amongst the broad vine leaves, and the apples and pomegranates made a splendid show among the dark green olives which were mixed up with them. And in the garden there were two fountains, one of which sent its clear cool water to refresh the trees and plants and flowers; and from the other they brought water to the house of Alkinoös.

But if Odysseus wondered to see such splendid gardens, he wondered much more when he looked at the house of Alkinoös.[25] The walls were covered with plates of brass, and on the top was a cornice of gold and purple. The doors and seats were of gold and silver, and there were figures of dogs, all of gold, which Hephæstos made and gave to guard the house of Alkinoös. Round the rooms were hung tapestries which the women wove with bright threads of gold and silver and all other colours: and on them were embroidered the feasts of the Phæacians, as they sat eating and drinking at the tables loaded with all good things. And round the large court there were figures of young men, all made of gold, which held burning torches in their hands at night, to give light in the palace of Alkinoös.

So Odysseus went through the great hall, wondering how Alkinoös could have got all those riches; and when he came up to the golden throne on which the king was sitting with his wife Arêtê, he fell on his knees before them, and told them of his great toils and sorrows, and prayed them to give him a ship to take him home to Ithaca.

Then Alkinoös took him kindly by the hand, and set him on a seat, and told the servants to bring him everything that he wanted. So they feasted together, and the minstrels sang a beautiful song, which was all about the war of the Achæans at Troy. And when Odysseus heard the song, the tears came into his eyes, for he thought of all his brave friends whom he had lost. So Alkinoös told the minstrel to stop, because his song gave Odysseus pain, and he said, "What is it that grieves thee, O stranger? Tell me who thou art, and all that thou hast seen and suffered."

Then Odysseus told him his name, and the story of his great deeds at Troy, and of his toils and wanderings since he left the city of Priam. He told him of the Cyclops Polyphemus and the Lady Circê, of the sweet singing Seirens, of Skylla and Charybdis, and Calypso,[26] and how at last he was thrown on the Phæacian shore where he met the beautiful Nausicaâ and her merry companions as they were playing on the beach.

And then Odysseus said again, "Let me go; I am weary of wandering about so long, and I want to rest in my own home." But Alkinoös said, "Stay with us, for surely you can never live in a more beautiful place or in grander rooms than these. Here the sun is always shining, and the fruits always ripe; and you see how rich we are with gold and silver things, and how we have everything that we want. Stay with us, and you shall have Nausicaâ for your wife, and by and by you shall be king of the Phæacians over whom I rule." But Odysseus thanked Alkinoös, and he said, "You are very kind and good to me: and I do not want to leave you because my home is richer and more beautiful than yours, for Ithaca is a rocky and barren island, where only the sheep and goats can feed, and where we have very few fruits and flowers; and I am not fit to be the husband of your child Nausicaâ. She is indeed very beautiful and good; but I am now growing old, and I have had hard toils and long wanderings; and besides, my wife Penelopê is waiting for me at home, and almost thinks that I shall never come back again; and I am longing to see my son Telemachos, who was only a little child when I went away to Troy. But now nearly twenty years have passed away, and he is grown to be a man, like myself. Let me then go home, and I shall

never forget how kind you have all been to me in this beautiful island of the Phæacians."

Then Alkinoös ordered a large ship to be got ready, and fifty men to row Odysseus across to Ithaca. And he gave him rich presents, and Arêtê and the good and beautiful Nausicaâ brought him splendid dresses to carry to Penelopê.

Then Odysseus went down to the sea-shore; and as they sailed away he looked back many times to the splendid home of Alkinoös, and felt very sorry that he had to leave such kind friends. But he said, "I shall soon see Penelopê and Telemachos, and that will comfort me for all my sorrows, and all my toils by sea and land, since I left Troy to come back to Ithaca."

THE STORY OF ARÎON.

A LONG time ago, in the great city of Corinth, there lived a man whose name was Arîon, and he made beautiful music on a golden harp, which every one was glad to listen to. It was not so beautiful as the music which Orpheus made, for the birds and the beasts came to listen to Orpheus, and the trees bent down their heads to hear. But only the men and the women, the boys and the girls, came to hear Arîon play and sing; and when his songs were ended they gave him money, and Arîon became a rich man. When he had lived for a long time in the house of Periander, who was called the Tyrant[27] of Corinth, he thought that he would like to see some new places which he had never seen before. So he went into a ship and asked the sailors to take him to Sicily and Italy;

and they sailed over the blue sea a long way for many days and weeks, and came to many towns, where Arîon played and sang and got more money, till at last he came to Tarentum. There he stayed a long time, because it was a rich and beautiful city, and all the people who came to hear him gave him plenty of money

By and by Arîon thought that he had enough, and he began to wish to see Corinth and his friend Periander once more. So he went down to the beach, and said that he wanted a ship to take him back to Corinth, and that he would only go with Corinthians, because he thought the men of Corinth better than the men of any other place. Just then there was drawn up on the beach a ship which had come from Corinth, and the sailors told him that they were Corinthians, and would take him home again. So Arîon promised to go with them, and he sent down his harp and all his boxes full of fine clothes and gold and silver, to be put on board the ship. And when the sailors saw the boxes, and felt how heavy they were, they said to each other, "What a rich man he must be! would it not be pleasant to have only a little of all this money which has been given to Arîon for playing on a harp?"

Then on the next day Arîon came down to the shore,

and went into the ship. It was a beautiful day; there was scarcely a cloud in the sky, and there was a fresh breeze just strong enough to fill the sails and move the ship gently through the water. The waves danced and shone like gold in the bright sunshine, while the ship tossed up the white foam as she sailed merrily on towards Corinth. So they went on many days, and Arîon sat at the head of the ship to see how it cut through the water; and as they passed one place after another, he thought that they would soon reach Corinth. But the sailors in the ship were wicked men. They had seen the large boxes full of money which Arîon had brought with him into the ship, and now they made up their mind to kill him and take his gold and silver. So one day while he was sitting at the bow of the ship, and looking down on the dark blue sea, three or four of the sailors came up to him and said that they were going to kill him. Now Arîon knew that they said this because they wanted his money; so he promised to give them all that he had if they would only spare his life. But they would not. Then he asked them to let him play once more on his harp, and sing one of the songs which he loved the best, and he said that when it was finished he would leap into the sea. When they had given him leave to

do this, Arîon put on a beautiful dress, and took his harp in his hand, and stood up on the deck of the ship to sing. And as he sang, the sailors began to feel sorry that they were going to kill him, because they would have no more of his sweet music when he was dead. But when they thought of all the gold and silver which Arîon was taking to Corinth, they made up their minds that they would not let him live; and Arîon took one last look at the bright and sunny sky, and then he leaped into the sea and the sailors saw him no more.

So the ship sailed on merrily over the dark water, just as though it were not carrying so many wicked men to Corinth. But Arîon was not drowned in the sea, for a great fish called a dolphin was swimming by the ship when Arîon leaped over; and it caught him on its back and swam away with him towards Corinth much faster than the ship could sail in which the wicked sailors were. On and on the great fish swam, cutting through the foam of the sea which was tossed up over Arîon; and by and by he saw at a distance the high cliffs and peaks which he knew were the cliffs and peaks above Corinth. So presently the fish came close to the shore, and left Arîon on the beach, and swam away again into the deep sea.

Arîon was cold and tired with being so long in the

water, and he could hardly crawl up into the city as far as the house where Periander the tyrant lived. At last he reached the house, and was taken into the great hall where Periander was sitting. And when he saw Arîon, he rose up, and came to meet him, and said, "Why, Arîon, what is all this? Your clothes are dripping with water; I thought you were coming to Corinth from Sicily in a ship, but you look more as if you had been in the sea than in a ship: did you swim here through the water?" Then Arîon told him all the story; how he had left Tarentum in a ship with Corinthian men whom he had hired to bring him home, and how they had tried to kill him that they might take his money, and how the dolphin had brought him to the shore when they made him leap from the ship into the sea. But Periander did not believe the story, and he said to Arion, "You cannot make me think that this strange tale is true: who ever swam on a dolphin's back before?" [28] So he told his servants to give Arîon all that he wanted, but not to let him go until the ship in which he had left Tarentum came to Corinth.

Two days afterwards, Arîon was standing by the side of Periander, and looking out over the sea: and presently he saw the white sails of a ship which was sailing into the harbour with a gentle breeze from the west.

As it came nearer and nearer, Arîon thought that it looked very like his own ship, until at last he was able to see from the colours on its prow that it was the very ship in which he had been sailing. Then he said to Periander, "See, they are come at last, and now go and send for these sailors, and see whether I have not told you the truth." So Periander sent down fifty soldiers with swords, and spears, and shields, to bring up all the sailors from the ship.

Now the ship was sailing in merrily towards the shore, and the soft west wind filled out its white sails as it cut through the water. And as they looked on the beautiful land to which they were coming, they thought of all the things which they should be able to buy with Arîon's gold and silver; and how they would do nothing but eat and drink and be merry, as soon as they got out of the ship. So when they came to the beach, they let down the sails, and lowered the masts, and threw out ropes from the stern to fasten the ship to the shore. But they never thought that the fifty soldiers whose spears and shields were shining gaily in the sunshine had been sent on purpose to take them; and they could not make out why it was that, as soon as they came out from the ship upon the dry land, the soldiers said that they must all go as quickly as they could to the house of Periander.

Ten of the soldiers stayed behind to guard the ship, while the rest led the sailors to Periander's palace. When they were brought before him, Periander talked to them kindly, and asked them from what place they had come; and the sailors said that they had come from Italy, from the great city of Tarentum. Then Periander said, "If you have come from Italy, perhaps you can tell me something about my friend Arîon. A long time ago he left Corinth, and said that he was going to Sicily and Italy; and I cannot think why he should be away so long, for if the people have given him as much money for his beautiful music as they did here, he must now be a very rich man." Then the sailors said, "O yes, we can tell you all about Arîon. We left him quite safe at Tarentum, where every one wanted to hear him play on his harp; but he said that he should not come to Corinth, until they had given him more gold and silver, and made him a richer man." Just as they were telling Periander this wicked falsehood, the door of the room was opened, and Arîon himself walked in; and Periander turned round to the sailors, and said, "See, here is the man whom you left quite safe and well at Tarentum. How dare you tell me so great a lie? Now I know that Arîon has told me the truth, and that you wished to kill him, and made him leap into the sea; but

the dolphin caught him as he fell, and brought him here on its back. And now listen to me. Of all Arîon's gold and silver, you shall have none; everything that was his you shall give back to him; and I shall take away your ship, and everything in it which belongs to you, because you wished to rob and kill Arîon." Then the soldiers came, and turned these wicked sailors into the street, and drove them on, calling to the people to come and see the men who had wanted to murder Arîon. And every one came out of their houses, and they hooted at the sailors as they passed by, until they were ready to sink down with fear and shame.

So Periander took their ship, and gave back to Arîon all his gold and silver, and — what he loved better than his riches — his golden harp. And every one came to hear the wonderful tale of Arîon and the dolphin; and Arîon made a large statue out of stone to look like a man on a dolphin's back, and placed it on Cape Tænaron, that the people might never forget how the dolphin saved Arîon when he was made to leap into the sea.

THE TREASURES OF RHAMPSINITUS.

THERE was once a king of Egypt who was called Rhampsinitus. He was very rich and very greedy. He tried to get as much money as he could from his people; but the more that he had, the more he wanted. His house was full of gold and silver; and his servants every day brought him more, until he was puzzled to know where he should put it. So for a long time he thought how he might hide it, for he could hardly rest by day or sleep by night for fear that thieves might come and take away some of his riches. At last he sent for a mason and told him to build a great and strong room, which should have no windows, and only a single door, fastened with huge iron bars, and with strong bolts and locks. So the room was built in a corner of the palace, and the outer wall faced the roadway. When the house was finished, Rhampsinitus carried all his silver and gold secretly into it; and the whole room was filled with

his riches. There were jars full of gold round the walls, and others which were full of diamonds, and pearls, and rubies, and jaspers ; and in the middle of the room there was a great heap of coins, which shone so bright that they almost made that dismal place look cheerful. So King Rhampsinitus thought himself a happier man, and he went to sleep more soundly, because he fancied that now no one would be able to steal his money.

Not long after this the old mason who had built the treasure-house fell ill, and he called his two sons to his bedside, and said to them, " I am so weak and ill that I know I shall soon die; but I do not wish to leave you without telling you the secret of the house where King Rhampsinitus has hoarded up his money. I have little to give you myself, for the king tried to make me work hard and to give me as little as he could for all my trouble. But I know a way in which you may get money when you are in need of it. The king does not know that I have placed a mark on one of the stones in the wall of his treasure-house on the side which faces the road. This stone can be easily taken out and put back again by two men, or even by one, and his money can be taken without moving the bolts or touching the locks."

Soon after he had told them this secret the old mason died; and not long afterwards his two sons began to think about the treasures of King Rhampsinitus, for the money which the old mason left them was soon wasted in eating and drinking with their friends. But they did not care, for they knew that when they wanted it they could get plenty of money from the treasures of King Rhampsinitus. So one night, when the moon was shining high up in the sky, they went very softly to the house where the money was hid; and after looking about for a little while, they found the stone, and they put it aside, and went into the room. They were afraid to stay there long; so they filled their clothes with as much gold and silver as they could carry, and when they had shut the door carefully, they went home and showed their mother all the money which they had stolen from the king. The next night they went again: and for many nights they kept on going, till at last King Rhampsinitus began to think that some of the heaps of money were smaller than they used to be: and every day when he went into the treasure-house, he looked at the heaps, and rubbed his eyes, and looked at them again, for he could not make out how it was that they seemed to grow smaller and smaller. And he said, "This is very odd: what can it be that takes away my

money? The locks of the treasure-house are not touched, and the bolts and bars have not been moved; and still my heaps of gold and silver seem every day to become smaller than they were." Then he thought that perhaps it might be his own fancy, until he put a heap of coins on purpose in one part of the room: and very soon these were taken away. Then he knew that some thief had found out a way to come in without unlocking the door. But King Rhampsinitus did not care much about it, for he said, "I think I know how to catch the thief who comes to steal my money." So he got a large trap which was big enough to hold a man's leg, and put it in the treasure-house.

In a day or two after this, the sons of the old mason came again, and the younger one went in first, and stepped right into the trap. His leg was terribly hurt, but he did not scream or make any noise, because he was afraid that King Rhampsinitus might hear him. Then he called to his brother who was standing outside, and showed him how he was caught in the trap, and that he could not get his leg out of it: and he said, "Make haste, brother, and cut off my head, and carry it away. You must do this; for if you do not, the king will come and see who I am, and then he will have your head cut off as well as mine."

His brother was very sorry, but there seemed to be no help for it. So he cut off his head and took it home with him: and when King Rhampsinitus came in the morning to look at his gold and silver, he started back and held up his hands in great wonder; and he said, "Why, this is more odd and strange than ever. Here is some one who has got in here, and he has no head. Some one must have come with him, and carried away his head: and so there is some one else still alive who may come and rob me of my money." Then he thought of a way to find him out, and he told his servants to take the body out of the trap and hang it up upon a wall, and ordered the soldiers to watch, and if they saw any one crying or weeping near it, to take him and bring him before the king.

Now when the mason's elder son got home, he was obliged to tell his mother that his brother had been caught in the trap, and that he had cut off his head and brought it away with him; and his mother was very sorry and very angry too, and she said that he must go and get the body and bury it along with the head. And she was still more angry when in the morning the soldiers hung the body of her son high up on the wall; and she called her elder son, and said to him that she would go and tell King Rhampsinitus all

that had been done, unless he went and brought his brother's body to her. At first her son was greatly troubled and could not think what to do; but presently he started up from his seat, and went out, and got five or six donkeys, and on their backs he placed large leather sacks full of wine, which he had bought with the money of King Rhampsinitus. Then he drove the donkeys by the wall on which his brother's body was hung up: and when he came near the soldiers who were guarding it, he loosened the string which was round the mouth of two or three of the sacks, and the wine began to trickle down upon the ground. Then he cried out with a loud voice for all the guards to hear, and tore his hair, and ran about the road as if he did not know which sack to tie up first. Quickly the soldiers came up, and there was such a pushing as was never seen before. Instead of helping him to tie up the leather bottles, they ran for cups to catch up the wine as it streamed out on the ground, and they drank it up as fast as their cups were filled. Then the mason's son began to scold them, and pretended to be dreadfully angry; but the soldiers tried to coax and soothe him, until at last he drove his donkeys off the road, and began to put the sacks right again.

Then the guards came round him, and began to talk

and laugh with him; and by and by he gave them one of the bottles of wine to drink. But they said that they would not drink it unless he drank some of it with them. So they poured the wine out into the cups, and they drank and made merry together. Then he gave them another bottle, and another and another, till all the soldiers fell down on the ground fast asleep. They had been such a long time drinking and laughing together, that it was now night; and it was so dark that nobody could see what he was doing. Then the mason's son went softly to the wall and took down his brother's body which was hanging on it, and afterwards he went to all the soldiers one by one, and shaved off the whiskers and beard from one side of their faces; and then he returned home to his mother and gave her the body of his brother.

When the morning came, the soldiers woke up from their heavy sleep. They felt very dull and stupid, but when they looked at the wall they saw that there was no dead body hanging on it; and when they looked at each other, they knew what a trick the mason's son had played them. They were dreadfully angry and terribly afraid; but there was no help except to go and tell the king. As they went, a crowd of people gathered round them, and everyone shouted with laughter to see

the soldiers who had had half their whiskers and beards shaved off. But when King Rhampsinitus heard what the mason's son had done, he was quite furious, and he said: "What can I do to find out the man who has done these very wicked and very clever things?"

So he sent a herald all through the country, and told him to say with a loud voice that the king would not punish the man who had stolen his money, but would give him his daughter for a wife, if he would only tell him how he had got into his treasure-house. Then the son of the old mason came and told Rhampsinitus all the story, and the king looked at him earnestly and said: "I believe that the Egyptians are cleverer than all other men; but you are cleverer than all the Egyptians."

APPENDIX.

Note [1], page 1.

In the beautiful Homeric Hymn, which contains the myth of the Sorrow of Dêmêtêr, Colonel Mure, in his "Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece," vol. ii. p. 349, simply sees, "under poetical disguise, the fundamental doctrine of the Eleusinian mysteries." Believing that, under this disguise of human adventure, the hymn sets forth the vicissitudes of the natural year, the sowing and reappearance of seed, and the failure of vegetation during the winter, he pronounces the subject to be one "but little adapted for poetical treatment."

Mr. Grote, in his "History of Greece," vol. i. p. 55, thinks that "though we now read this hymn as pleasing poetry, to the Eleusinians, for whom it was composed, it was genuine and sacred history. They believed in the visit of Dêmêtêr to Eleusis, and in the mysteries as a revelation from her, as implicitly as they believed in her existence and power as a goddess."

It is obvious that these two methods of regarding the legend are directly opposed to each other. According to Mr. Grote, the poet was recording facts of history as conceived by the historic sense of an epical age: while, in Colonel Mure's judgment, he is consciously putting forth under concrete forms certain abstract physical truths. Probably by neither of these methods shall we arrive at the true meaning or the origin of the legend.

That the hymn was composed with a special reference to the

mysteries of Eleusis, and that such points of detail as the substitution of barley meal with water and mint for the ordinary wine cup, represent actual ceremonies in those mysteries, cannot of course be denied. But the argument which from this would infer the directly mystical or allegorical character of the hymn, would also bring us to the same conclusion with regard to the Hymn to Apollo, in which Colonel Mure discerns no such character. The labour of Lêto in Delos is as capable of abstract physical interpretation as the stealing away of Persephonê; and, although not so obviously, the same method might be applied to the Hymns in honour of Dionŷsos or Aphroditê.

It is also not less clear that in this hymn the poet is not inventing a myth, but applying it; and even if we could prove that to him it was only a physical allegory, it would not affect the question either of its origin or of its meaning before he came to handle it; and still less could it show that the subject was "but little adapted for poetical treatment." The truth is that such subjects appear unpoetical, because (and only in so far as) they come before us simply as generalised abstractions. But such a judgment would condemn perhaps the larger portion of the Greek Mythology, and it would fall with the greatest force on those myths which we feel instinctively to be the most beautiful. It is even easier to reduce the legends of Endymiôn and Orpheus, of Kephalos and Procris, to such abstract propositions, than the tale of Dêmêtêr and Persephonê. Yet the beauty of those legends is not only unquestioned, but depends chiefly on this very fact, that they invest with life that which we have come to look upon as mere physical law. But the question of beauty is, perhaps, one in which controversy is useless; and whether or how far the Hymn to Dêmêtêr appeals to human sympathy, or leaves an impression of deep poetical feeling and power, must be left to the judgment of its readers.

If, however, we believe with Mr. Grote, that this legend was regarded as genuine history, even in the sense in which we must

hold the term to apply to an epical age, the hypothesis will not carry us any nearer to the knowledge of its origin and growth. We desire to know not whether the poet of the late Homeric or Hesiodic age looked on the sorrows of Dêmêtêr as an allegory or a history, but how the tale came into being, and how its local detail and colouring were gradually attached to it. Still we are not more justified in imputing to him a consciousness of allegorising, than in accusing him of the more direct scepticism which was the growth of an age still later. The poet believed in the truth of his words in a sense as real, though it may be not the same, as that in which we maintain the truth of facts which are historical to us. Nor need we hesitate to admit that he believed in the personal visit of Dêmêtêr to Eleusis, and her personal institution of the mysteries there celebrated. But if the very names employed preclude the idea (not of the personality, but) of the localising of these mythical beings, if it is clear that Dêmêtêr and Gaia could not originally have been limited to Eleusis or to Attica, we have to see in what sense the tale here told could be attributed to them with a strict conviction of its truth.

The question is one which can only be answered by an investigation into the earliest conditions of speech as expressive of the first movements of the human mind. It would be out of place to enter here at any length into this question; but in a collection of mythical tales it seems necessary to sum up briefly the conclusions already established by the science of Comparative Mythology. The subject has been examined more fully in the introduction to the "Tales of the Gods and Heroes;" and the reader will find a masterly analysis of the question in Professor Max Müller's Essay on the subject, in "Oxford Essays for 1856."

In its earliest stage, human language expressed simply the impressions received by the mind from outward things. In the absence of any standard of comparison, in the total want of any data for induction or analogy, it was inevitable that all phenomena should appear invested with the same character of personality and

conscious agency, and that abstract nouns, which imply previous generalisation, could not possibly exist. Their consciousness of the departure and return of light differed in no respect from the consciousness of their own sinking to sleep and their own awakening. There was, therefore, as much an attribution of personal agency and consciousness to the lord of life and light, who chased away the dark shadows, as there was the sensation of personality in themselves. In the absence of a standard of comparison, the sun felt and laboured not otherwise than men felt and toiled. In the absence of all grounds for analogy, the sun who rose to-day was a different being from the sun who yesterday died in the western waters. The massing of the evening clouds, through which his rays were tossed, was a real death struggle: the calm twilight was his motionless repose after death. The night toiled with the birth of the coming day; and the new sun sprung into life only to bring death to his parent and to the dawn whom he loved, and after brief toil, not for himself but for men, to die at the return of the night from which he had been born.

The same conviction of a living presence was expressed even in the most minute details. The purple clouds of the morning were the cattle of the sun, whom the dawn sent forth to their pastures; the glittering dew was the bride, whom unwillingly he slew in his fiery embrace. Modern science may show such convictions to be unreasonable; but there is still that within us which answers to the mental condition which necessitated such thoughts and language. We do not look on the changes of day and night, of light and darkness, with the passionless equanimity which our philosophy requires: and he who from a mountain summit looks down in solitude on the long shadows as they creep over the earth, while the sun sinks down into the purple mists which deaden and enshroud his splendours, cannot well shake off the feeling that he is looking on the conscious struggle of departing life.

Not only, then, would such a mental state account for, and necessitate, the birth of infinite forms of mythical speech, but it

would also make them regard the same object in different ways, and with conflicting conceptions. The sun, who drove away the night, might be looked upon as the ever-renewed or never-dying one; or the night, ever blotting out the glory to which it had given birth, might be regarded as invincible and eternal. The sun might be Endymiôn, gifted with everlasting youth, or Tithonos sunk into an endless old age. Thus one vast class of legends, and, among these, of legends even contradictory, can be traced back to the early language on the recurrence of day and night. A class, perhaps not less wide, grew out of the same mythical speech on the recurrence of the seasons, of frost and heat, of winter and summer, if indeed these are not mere amplifications and adaptations of the former class.

To one or other of these classes, the manifest allegorical meanings discerned by Colonel Mure would indubitably assign the Hymn to Dêmêtêr. If *we* can extract such meanings from it, it only proves that the legend is the bequest of an earlier age, to whom the departure of summer was the actual stealing her away from the earth who was her mother, and that the poet believed in the *human* existence of those beings or powers which an earlier age could invest with life without contracting them to anthropomorphic conditions.

It it be urged that this hypothesis, while it accounts for certain myths or portions of myths, yet fails of explaining all, the fact may be admitted without acknowledging the force of an objection which would preclude the introduction of every science until the conclusions of that science were all demonstrable. That our inability to decipher certain portions of a manuscript is no valid reason for putting aside other portions which we can both read and understand, is Bishop Butler's well-known criterion for the interpretation of the prophetical books of the Old Testament. The same method is strictly applicable to the science of comparative mythology. We may not be able to explain every detail in the legends of Heraklês and Orpheus, of Endymiôn and Dêmêtêr; but

if we can adequately explain most, or even some of them, while at the same time we exhibit a condition of thought through which the human mind *must* have passed, and of language expressing that thought and no other, we may await in full confidence the light which the further progress of the science must throw on myths, or details of myths, which at present we may be unable to interpret.

Thus, then, until we arrive at the scepticism or incredulity of later ages, we have to uphold the perfect sincerity and good faith of those who handed down the rich inheritance of mythical speech. They who first framed this speech spoke truthfully, because to them the sun and moon, the clouds and dew, were beings not less *personal* than themselves. They who spoke of Hêlios and Selênê, still more of Endymiôn, of Heraklês, and of Orpheus, spoke not less truthfully, because to them these were beings not less *human* than themselves. Nay, the degrees of this human personality serve to show the extent to which the old mythical speech had retained or lost its meaning. The poet has still a dim notion that Selênê is the moon, while Artemis is born and lives in this lower world. Hêlios still surveys all things on the earth from his throne in the high heaven, while Orpheus dies on the banks of the Hebrus, and Endymiôn sleeps on the hill of Latmos. Zeus sometimes is the sky under which men may take their sleep, but more often he dwells on the Thessalian hill; while Phœbus Apollo has an earthly home in Delos, or Patara, or Pythô.

Yet more, comparative mythology explains very much, if not all, of the unattractive or even repulsive details of Greek legend which led Pindar to lay down as a canon of mythological credibility—

> Ἐμοὶ δ' ἄπορα γαστρίμαρ-
> γον μακάρων τιν' εἰπεῖν· ἀφίσταμαι. *Olymp.* i. 82.

Mythical speech could take no heed of the after-consequences which must ensue when the personality of physical phenomena was translated into anthropomorphism. In the former, the sun kisses the dew of the morning, and the morning loves the sun: yet she is faithless to him, because the dewdrops reflect each a

different lover, who is yet one and the same; and finally, the sun kills the dew, because he loves her. But in the words of a later age, Kephalos loves Procris, who, after being false to him, again wins his love, and is then by him unintentionally killed, ("Tales of the Gods and Heroes," p. 91). And when so brought under anthropomorphic conditions, they must fall under the laws which affect the mutual relations of mankind; and if some myths, or portions of them, still retain their former power and beauty, others may not less become immoral or repulsive or unnatural. Yet it is no light thing that we are enabled to acquit a series of generations of a wilful demoralisation, which it is impossible to explain by any reference to the mythical ages which preceded, or the times of more logical speculation and inquiry which followed them.

NOTE [2], page 1.

HYMN to Dêmêtêr, 12—

τοῦ καὶ ἀπὸ ῥίζης ἑκατὸν κάρα ἐξεπεφύκει,
κηώδει δ' ὀδμῇ πᾶς τ' οὐρανὸς εὐρὺς ὕπερθεν,
γαῖά τε πᾶσ' ἐγέλασσε, καὶ ἁλμυρὸν οἶδμα θαλάσσης.

Colonel Mure ("Critical History," &c., ii. p. 353) condemns the passage as a "monstrous hyperbole." Few perhaps will acquiesce in a judgment which comes not unnaturally from one who shows himself incapable of entering fully into the mind and language of a mythical age. It may be of more interest to remark that, in the context of the lines above quoted, the personality of Dêmêtêr is divided, for the marvellous Narcissus is placed as a bait to Persephonê by Gaia, the accomplice of King Polydegmôn. In mythical speech, Gaia and Dêmêtêr were one and the same; but in the hymn, the personality of Gaia is far more vague, standing to that of Dêmêtêr in the relation of Phœbus Apollo or Hêraklês to Hêlios. Again, Dêmêtêr is the ruling power, ordering or checking the growth of things, while Gaia is the personified earth, out of whose substance they spring,—a relation similar to that of Poseidôn, the divine lord of the sea, to Nereus, the dweller in its waters.

NOTE [3], page 3.

THIS expression comes from a singularly beautiful fragment of Archilochus,

> Ἀέλιος δ' Ὑπεριονίδας δέπας ἐσκατέβαινε
> χρύσεον, ὄφρα δι' ὠκεανοῖο περάσας
> ἀφίκοιθ' ἱερᾶς ποτὶ βένθεα νυκτὸς ἐρεμνᾶς·
> ποτὶ μάτερα, κουριδίαν τ' ἄλοχον
> παῖδάς τε φίλους· ὁ δ' ἐς ἄλσος ἔβα
> δαφναῖσι κατάσκιον
> ποσσὶ πάϊς Διός.

Unfortunately, it is but a fragment. But it clearly describes the parting of Hêlios, who descends into his golden cup, from the son of Zeus, who goes away on foot to his thick laurel grove.

Beautiful as it is, the idea evidently does not belong to the earliest stage of mythical speech. We have advanced far beyond the age which each night saw the sun die, when we come to the image of a golden cup in which Hêlios visits his home at night, and is gently carried to the place of his rising in the morning. The trembling doubt of his reappearance has given way to a well-established analogy, which has even produced a theory as to the means of his transit from the west to the east. Hêlios also is here more humanised than he is elsewhere; he returns to his wife and children, even if we hesitate to decide whether the word Ὑπεριονίδας gives him a parent Hyperion, or whether it is as strictly a synonym as where Homer speaks of Ἠλέκτωρ Ὑπερίων. The latter is Colonel Mure's view, and undoubtedly the assigning Hyperion as a father to Hêlios is a later idea; but it seems scarcely less certain that the poet uses the word as a patronymic, for he speaks of his mother, as of his wife and children. There is no need to lay a stress on the patronymic form of the word, as there are more instances than one of such forms, which cannot be so explained; as, Οὐρανίων and Οὐρανίδης belonging to Οὐρανὸς, Ἐνδυμίων to Ἔνδυμα;

and even the long penultima of the word is perhaps scarcely an adequate reason for believing it to be a shortened form of Ὑπεριονίων. Probably the patronymic form of what was really a mere synonym gave rise to the myth that Hêlios was the son of Hyperion.

The names of most of the Greek months, which have the same termination, follow in quantity the analogy of Ἐνδυμίων, Οὐρανίων. If then Ὑπερίων be not a shortened form, it can only be classed among the many departures from analogy in the formation of words.

Note [4], page 8.

The myth of Endymiôn has produced rather an idea than a tale. It has little incident, and scarcely anything which might entitle it to be regarded as epical history: for the few adventures ascribed to Endymiôn by Pausanias, vol. viii. 1, have manifestly no connection with the original legend. The visit of Selênê, followed by an endless sleep, is in substance all that poets or antiquarians tell us of; and even this is related by Pausanias with so many variations as to show that the myth, from its obvious solar character, was too stubborn to be more than thinly disguised. If Endymiôn heads an army or dethrones a king, or if his tomb was shown in Elis, this is the mere arbitrary and pointless fiction of a later age. And thus, according to the standard of judgment to which the epical age adhered, the myth remains susceptible of any treatment which shall not violate the essential character of the legend, in the attributes whether of Selênê or Endymiôn. Doubtless Virgil, had he been so minded, might have given to us on this subject a poem as exquisite as that in which, with a beauty incomparably beyond that of all his other works, he has told the tale of Orpheus and Eurydikê. As it is, Endymiôn sleeps, whether on the hill or in the cave of Latmos, and Selênê comes to him: but so obvious is the mythical meaning that we seem to see throughout the greeting of the moon to the dying sun.

Looking at it by the light which philology and comparative mythology together have thrown upon it, we may think it incredible that any have held it to be an exoteric method of describing early astronomical researches. But it is scarcely less difficult to acquiesce in the criticism contained in the article on Endymiôn in the "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology," by Dr. Smith. We there read that "the stories of the fair sleeper Endymiôn, the darling of Selênê, are unquestionably poetical fictions in which sleep is personified. His name and all his attributes confirm this opinion. Endymiôn signifies a being that gently comes over one: he is called a king, because he has power over all living creatures: a shepherd, because (*sic*) he slumbers in the cool caves of Mount Latmos, that is, the mount of oblivion. Nothing can be more beautiful, lastly, than the notion that he is kissed by the soft rays of the moon."

A method so arbitrary may extract almost any meaning from any myth. If it be meant that the sleep here personified is the sleep of man, the assertion rests on a very questionable, or, at least a very forced etymology; and the title of king or shepherd no more belongs to the mythical conception than does his tomb in Elis. Yet more, Endymiôn is not spoken of as a being who comes over any one else, or as having power over all living creatures, but as one who cannot shake off his own sleep, a sleep so profound that they who are vexed in heart may well envy it—

> *Ζαλωτὸς μὲν ἐμὶν ὁ τὸν ἄτροπον ὕπνον ἰαύων*
> *Ἐνδυμίων.* *Theocritus, Eidyll.* iii. 49.

Finally, after naming these points which are in no way inherent in the myth, the really essential part of the tale is introduced simply as a beautiful notion, the invention, perhaps, of some later poet.

But the sleep of Endymiôn is the sleep of the sun. He is the child of Aëthlios, nay, as we have seen in the analogous synonym

of Hyperion, he is Aëthlios himself, labouring and toiling through his whole life; and, more strictly still, he is the child of Protogeneia, the early dawn, who, when his fiery course is ended, dives down into the dark sea. The verb, whether as δύω in the later speech of Homer, or as ἐνδύω in the earlier mythical dialect, is expressive only of the downward plunge, and altogether fails of representing the slowly-penetrating and all-pervading power which we mean by sleep. It can hardly be questioned that ἐνδύμα ἠλίου was once the equivalent of ἠλίου δυσμαί, and that originally the sun ἐνέδυ πόντον, where Homer uses only the simple verb. Then from ἐνδύμα came Ἐνδυμίων, in a manner analogous to that of his other epithet Hyperion. The whole idea of Endymiôn, who is inseparable from the material sun, is different from that of the separate divinity of Phœbus Apollo, and stands to the latter in the relation of Gaia to Dêmêtêr, of Nereus to Poseidôn, with many others which might be named.

Note [5], page 11.

The epithet of happy as applied to night may perhaps be thought fairly to represent the terms εὐφρόνη, and νὺξ φιλία and ἀμβροσίη of the Greek poets. Probably none of these are mere euphemisms, although the words may express conflicting notions. The last epithet owes its origin to that idea of night as the conqueror of the day, which has already come before us; but probably even with Homer this idea of its eternity had been modified into the notion of sensuous enjoyment, as the nectar and ambrosia which nourished the gods may also lead us to suppose.

Note [6], page 14.

The expression, ὅσσε δέ οἱ πυρὶ λαμπετόωντι ἴκτην, belongs in Homer, Iliad i. 104, to Agamemnôn. But it may be pardonable to take any legitimate opportunity of impressing on the mind of a child the forms of thought or of expression with which one day he

must become familiar in the reading of Homer. The words applied to Apollo himself, *ὁ δ' ἤιε νυκτὶ ἐοικώς*, appear scarcely to harmonise with the idea of his youth, which has been made to stand out most prominently in the tale.

NOTE [7], page 14.

THE drawing of the bow may serve to familiarise a child with one of the many minute descriptions which Homer delights to give and to repeat, of what we should consider the most ordinary acts and the least calling for special detail—

νευρὴν μὲν μαζῷ πέλασεν, τόξῳ δὲ σίδηρον·
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δὴ κυκλοτερὲς μέγα τόξον ἔτεινεν,
λίγξε βιὸς, νευρὴ δὲ μέγ' ἴαχεν, ἆλτο δ' ὀϊστὸς
ὀξυβελὴς, καθ' ὅμιλον ἐπιπτέσθαι μενεαίνων.

NOTE [8], page 16.

THIS popular notion is mentioned by Pausanias, to whom the sight of the stone was a sufficient proof of the truth of the history.

ἡ δὲ πλησίον μὲν πέτρα καὶ κρημνός ἐστιν, οὐδὲν παρόντι σχῆμα παρεχόμενος γυναικὸς, οὔτε ἄλλως οὔτε πενθούσης· εἰ δέ γε ποῤῥωτέρω γένοιο, δεδακρυμένην δόξεις ὁρᾷν καὶ κατηφῆ γυναῖκα.—lib. 21, 5.

Like most other legends, the tale of Niobe is told with a great variety of detail, chiefly in her genealogy and the number of her children. To the poets the myth furnished matter rather of illustration than narration, as Sophocles, Electra 150, Antigone 822, in which latter passage he places the scene of her woes on the Lydian hill; whereas the mount Sipylos, on which she wept herself to death, is in Homer, Iliad xxiv. 616, near the banks of the Acheloos. And as if to show still further of what different treatment a myth is susceptible, so long as its main characteristics are preserved, Homer makes Achilleus use the tale of Niobê to induce him to feast in the midst of his sorrow for Hector.

NOTE [9], page 17.

THE character of this myth as a solar legend was not, and could not have been, present to the mind of Virgil, as he wrote his exquisite lines upon it in the fourth book of the Georgics, the only lines perhaps in which he exhibits true poetical power. But any one who reads them will easily see how his own appreciation of the myth has caused him to give almost every detail of the legend in harmony with its origin. Eurydikê is one of the many names of the dawn, on whose death, when stung by the serpent of night, Orpheus, the sun, descends to seek her in the regions below the earth, and brings her up behind himself in the morning, only to destroy her by his brightness when he turns to look upon her. The name of Orpheus we cannot explain from any similar names in Greek; but, as Professor Max Müller has shown ("Essay on Comparative Mythology," p. 79), "Orpheus is the same word as the Sanskrit Ribhu, or Arbhu, which, though it is best known as the name of the three Ribhus, was used in the *Veda* as an epithet of Indra, and a name of *the sun*."

NOTE [10], page 17.

THE legend of Orpheus was localised in the country which we commonly mean when we speak of Thrace: and Virgil sings of his death on the banks of the Hebrus. The name of Thessaly has been substituted, not by the license which may be permitted in mythological detail, but because the common meaning attached to the word Thrace gives an entirely erroneous conception of the word as it occurs in Homer. We may not perhaps be able to determine in which Thrace the legend was first localised; but it is quite certain that Homer by the term Θρῆιξ did not mean to describe a man as belonging to the country watered by the Hebrus. When wishing to mark the latter, he uses the form Θρηΐκιος; and even where he uses this form, there are only one or two in-

stances where it *must* be taken as limited to this country, as in Iliad xxiii. 230, where, when the flame of the pyre of Patroklos is extinguished, the winds go homewards, θρηίκιον κατὰ πόντον; and again, when Samos, Iliad xii. 12, has the same epithet. But the term Θρῆιξ is in Homer strictly an adjective, equivalent to τρηχύς. Thamyris the Thracian, who is blinded by the Muses at Dorion, in the Pylian dominions of Nestor, is unquestionably a Greek. He is on his road from Œchalia, the abode of the Thessalian Eurytos, and is evidently going to take part in a contest of Rhapsodes or reciters of epic poetry. He is a Greek in tongue, which he could not have been if belonging to a country so completely beyond the bounds of the Hellenic world as the barbarian Thrace. In short, the inhabitants of all highland districts, whether of Arcadia, Ætolia, Thessaly, or any other, would to Homer be Thracians. In the tale therefore Orpheus is placed in some Hellenic Thrace, as more in harmony with the spirit of Greek legend. For a more complete examination of the subject the reader is referred to Mr. Gladstone's "Homer and the Homeric Age," vol. i. p. 158, &c.

Note [11], page 30.

The notion which traced the name of Hellespont to the legend of Phrixus and Hellê is clearly the result of the same localising tendency which we have marked in the myth of Endymiôn, and may be traced out in very many others. In this instance it is not so easy to determine what wider fact has been localised. There can be no doubt that, if by the Hellespont Homer sometimes means the straits known by that name, there are other and more numerous passages in which he applies the name to the open sea. In the former sense he speaks of it as ἀγάῤῥοος, in the latter as πλατὺς and ἀπείρων; nor could the name πόντος have been given originally to a narrow strait. But, while we admit that the name which first described the whole Ægæan sea was afterwards limited to the strait, we may hesitate to propound or to maintain any theory as to its real origin. If Hellê can be the name of no single person, it

must in all probability be that of a people, and thus it seems sufficiently clear that the name marks an early position of the Helli, or Selli, and possibly points to some of their early migrations. But from what quarter this migration issued, and to what point it tended, are questions which cannot be answered with certainty. Mr. Gladstone ("Homer and the Homeric Age," vol. i. p. 497, &c.) sees in this name, as in that of the river Sellêeis, conclusive proof of the Eastern origin of the Hellenic race, and the evidence of their passage from Asia into Europe. The subject of Hellenic ethnology will probably come out in clearer light at no distant day; but its difficulties will be removed or lessened rather by the patient toil of philological and ethnological research, than by theories which after all may turn out to rest on the accidental resemblance of words which could have had no relation to each other.

Phrixus was held to be the Eponymos of Phrygia; the form *Phryxus* may have been adopted to suit the charge brought against him of spoiling the wheat by roasting it. See Grote, "History of Greece," vol. i. p. 170.

Note [12], page 31.

The myth represents Phrixus as having sacrificed the ram to Zeus Phyxios. It is scarcely necessary to defend a variation which in no way affects the general character of the tale.

Note [13], page 36.

In the legend of Cadmus and Europa the names themselves suggest speculations as to its origin. Etymologically, Cadmus and Europa are the East and the West, the children of Têlephassa, the far shining one. Niebuhr, while rejecting the existence of any historic Cadmus, receives the names as proof of a Phœnician settlement in Bœotia ("Lectures on Ancient History," vol. i. p. 80). But, even if it could be proved that the words are strictly Semitic, it would be rash to infer from this the fact of such a settlement.

The character of the myth is as clearly solar as is that of the legends which speak of Endymiôn, or Eos, or Procris. See Professor Müller's "Essay on Comparative Mythology," p. 61, in Oxford Essays, 1856.

Note [14], page 47.

The Theban legends of Semelê and Pentheus are related in the "Tales of the Gods and Heroes," pp. 166–169.

Note [15], page 48.

The tales here selected from the Odyssey may perhaps impress upon a child's mind much of its general character, as a poem of the substantial unity of which there can be but little question. They profess to do no more than to represent faithfully those parts of the Odyssey from which they are taken; nor will they be found to exhibit any departure from the original narrative in more than one or two unimportant points of detail. But special care has been taken not to fasten upon the poet any didactic aim further than his words may clearly justify us in so doing. This notion of secondary motives has found acceptance not only with Christian writers, but with Latin poets of the Augustan age. While the former have seen in the Odyssey an allegory setting forth the passage of the soul through the probation of life, and in the longing of Odysseus for Ithaca discover the yearning of the soul to reach its home in heaven, a writer like Horace will extract from the same poems a keen and systematic satire on vices which could not exist in an epical age, and a complete philosophy which may vie with that of Chrysippus or Crantor. By placing the line in which Horace expresses this conviction on the title-page of his Homeric studies, Mr. Gladstone affirms the substantial truth of the view taken by the Latin satirist. But while it cannot be denied that moral lessons may be drawn from any poem which treats of human deeds and human sufferings, we shall have to note one or two instances in which the imputation of such moral aim is contra-

dicted by the express words of the epic poet. In whatever way we may decide the question of the composition of the Homeric poems, there is no doubt that they were written at a time when philosophical analysis was impracticable, and when such didactic aims, even if they existed, would never have been perceived by an audience such as that which alone must have been gathered round the Homeric rhapsodists. Nor can the ingenuity with which Mr. Gladstone and other writers have drawn out such meanings overthrow the plain facts urged against such a course by Mr. Grote, "History of Greece," vol. ii. p. 276, &c.

Note [16], p. 48.

ἐν δὲ λιμὴν εὔορμος, ἵν' οὐ χρεὼ πείσματός ἐστιν,
οὔτ' εὐνὰς βαλέειν οὔτε πρυμνήσι' ἀνάψαι. *Odyssey*, ix. 136.

The charge brought against the epic and tragic poets of Greece, that they fail of apprehending the features of natural scenery, and that their descriptions express merely sensuous impressions, is, it must be admitted, not without weight, although by writers like Mr. Ruskin it has been pushed too far. Yet the description of the Cyclop's island, of the Seirens' rocks, of the sea-shore in Phæacia, with others, may be held in some measure to rebut this charge; and one or two quotations are here given, to show that the details of which they speak are not a translator's invention.

Note [17], page 51.

A more decided picture is given (Odyssey ix. 140–1) of the fountain by the cave at the head of the harbour, and the poplar trees clustered round it.

Note [18], page 53.

It should, perhaps, be stated that the Cyclop's ignorance of Agamemnon and the Achæan heroes is rather implied than expressed. Odysseus believes that the name of Agamemnon would at least

secure him from harm, and Polyphemus replies that he would not spare him for any dread even of the wrath of Zeus himself. (Odyssey, ix. 278, &c.)

Note [19], page 55.

The actual comparison which the poet here makes of the intended club of Polyphemus is to the mast of a twenty-oared ship. But it is more curious to note the special number of wagons, namely, two-and-twenty, which he says would be wanted in order to move the stone which the hands of the giant placed with ease against the mouth of the cave. In an elaborate discussion ("Studies on Homer," vol. iii. page 425, &c.), Mr. Gladstone maintains that the sense of number in Homer was very vague and imperfect. It is scarcely necessary to specify examples to prove the universal tendency to use round numbers in order to leave the impression of magnitude or multiplicity. The catalogue alone in the second book of the Iliad would yield an indefinite number of examples. But such instances scarcely explain the two-and-twenty wagons, which is not a round number. And, however readily we may admit the indistinct notion of number shown by Homer, we cannot forget that the existence of words for specific numbers in hundreds, and even in thousands, is a sufficient proof that at least before his time the process of enumeration, of which they are the result, had been gone through. The vague and imperfect sense of the poet can hardly then be considered a condition imposed on him by necessity.

Note [20], page 63.

The impression, on reading of the deception of Polyphemus by the name of Οὖτις, would naturally be that the poet intended a pun. This natural view has not been allowed to pass unquestioned, and the opinion has been advanced, that, if a pun be intended, it lies probably in the contrast of οὖτις as a mere play of sound against μῆτις, from which Odysseus has his common epithet of πολύμητις,

"the man of much counsel." The illustration seems far-fetched, and the notion itself of little force. There is, however, one line which appears decisive as to the meaning of the poet. When the other Cyclopes are asking Polyphemus what ails him, they put the question in the usual form —

ἦ μή τις σ' αὐτὸν κτείνει δόλῳ ἠὲ βίηφιν;

Odyssey, ix. 406.

Now, if the poet had purposed to contrast οὔτις with μῆτις, "counsel," the reply of Polyphemus must have been conveyed in a corresponding form; whereas, instead of δόλῳ ἠδὲ βίηφιν, his answer is —

ὦ φίλοι, οὔτίς με κτείνει δόλῳ ΟΥΔΕ βίηφιν.

The negative is clumsy, as making Polyphemus state an untruth: but in no other way would the idea of the nonentity of Odysseus have been impressed on the giants outside the cave, and the use of ἠδὲ would have invested οὔτις with as much substance as Odysseus himself.

Note [21], page 65.

The tale of Circê and her magic art appears to tell decisively against any special didactic aim in the Odyssey. We may admit the temptation to regard the friends of Odysseus as victims of gluttony, and Odysseus himself as saved by his power of self-control. But the words are ambiguous, and we may take them in a sense which is not warranted by the poem. Whenever a present or future hurt may be avoided, or an advantage gained, his self-restraint is never wanting: but, failing this, he nowhere shows himself unwilling to gratify either his appetites or his passions. In the same way the three-and-twenty men may be considered gluttons: but their transformation is attributed directly to the drugs mingled with the food.

ἀνέμισγε δὲ σίτῳ
φάρμακα λύγρα. *Odyssey*, x. 235.

And for Odysseus himself no restraint is even necessary. From

Hermes he receives the good antidote, φάρμακον ἐσθλόν, by the help of which he may at once indulge his appetite and defy the arts of Circê.

NOTE [22], page 74.

THE last paragraph of this tale is the only one of which the narrative in the Odyssey does not contain the substance. It may perhaps be held to give the story a moral aim which we have seen that the poet did not intend directly to convey. But the incident does not violate the general character of the tale: and there can, of course, be no reason why from it we may not draw the warning to avoid temptation not less than to resist it, if only we are careful not to think that, to the poet, the Seirens were the embodiment of sin, and the people of Odysseus the sons of men journeying through a world of temptation. The fact, also, that Odysseus resolves to hear everything himself, while his companions are rendered proof against their song, sufficiently overthrows any such supposition.

NOTE [23], page 75.

IN the cattle of Hêlios, and their extraordinary sacredness, Mr. Gladstone sees the vestiges of a system of brute-worship identical with that of Egypt ("Studies on Homer," vol. ii. p. 412). Whether any such system had ever prevailed in any people of Hellênic race, is a question which we are not now called on to determine: although we may remark that even the attribution of immortality to animals is by no means of necessity connected, as Mr. Gladstone supposes, with their worship. In the Vedic hymn, the horse is distinctly addressed as immortal while he is being led to the sacrifice.

There can be but little doubt that in the incident of the oxen of the sun we have, what we may term, a petrified relic of mythical speech. We have seen already that, in the language of that early time, the light fleecy clouds of morning are the cattle whom the dawn drives out to their pastures, from whence they return in the

evening just as the sun is sinking after his long toil. Now the same process which localised Endymiôn on the Carian Hill, and the light-born Phœbus in Lykia and Delos, has in the Odyssey fixed these oxen in the island of Hêlios Hyperion. The mythical meaning is gone, but the connection with Hêlios remains: and the sacredness attaching to them is the mere result of localising them where they may receive hurt from men; for in mythical speech his cattle would need no such defence, as being wholly beyond the reach of mortal hand. The legend of the cattle of Hêlios is related in the "Tales of the Gods and Heroes," p. 252.

Note [24], page 77.

The washing of the clothes is no unimportant incident in the story of Odysseus and Nausicaâ. It is a formal thing in asking leave for which Nausicaâ gives more than one weighty reason; and the process itself is described with the same minuteness of detail. The whole furnishes not the least pleasing element in the picture, which Mr. Gladstone has drawn out, in colours perhaps too glowing, of the state of society in the Homeric age.

Note [25], page 79.

The description of the palace of Alkinoös adheres closely to the Homeric detail, which leaves on the mind an impression not less of elegance than of magnificence. Much caution is needed in inferring from such descriptions the state of the arts in the Homeric age. The poetical picture may be substantially true, when taken in detail: yet the combination may be the result of the poet's sense of beauty, and power of expressing it. We may refer to the remarks of Bishop Thirlwall on the subject, "History of Greece," vol. i. ch. vi.

Note [26], page 80.

For the legend of Odysseus and Calypso, see "Tales of the Gods and Heroes," page 263.

Note [27], page 83.

Although the several tyrannies of Greece arose in very different ways, and were upheld by very different means, yet the knowledge cannot be too soon impressed upon a child that they all had one feature in common, the suppression, namely, of a free constitution, and the usurpation of a power to which there was no title of hereditary descent. This to the Greek furnished the justification for his implacable hatred of them, and for the employment of any means whatsoever for their forcible suppression. The hereditary *βασιλεύς*, whether king or chieftain, met with respect if not reverence; and even the abuse of his power was scarcely a sufficient plea for his deposition. But for the tyrant there was no road to the affection of those who ought to have been his fellow citizens; and therefore there could be for him no sense of safety. He might rule with the greatest gentleness, his care might raise his people to a high degree of material prosperity; but not the most righteous use of an unlawfully gotten power could plead on behalf of a man who had trampled on the laws and freedom of his country.

Note [28], page 87.

Herodotus specially notes the incredulity of Periander, *Περίανδρον δὲ ὑπὸ ἀπιστίης Ἀρίονα μὲν ἐν φυλακῇ ἔχειν οὐδαμῇ μετιόντα, ἀνακῶς δὲ ἔχειν τῶν πορθμίων* (i. 24).

The incipient rationalism, combined with the strong faith of Herodotus himself, is well brought out by Mr. Grote, "History of Greece," vol. i. p. 527, &c.

The legend of Herodotus makes the dolphin land Arion at Tænaron, not Corinth. The variation may be pardoned as giving the tale more interest for children. Herodotus speaks of the statue as existing in his own day; the statue therefore localised the legend.

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